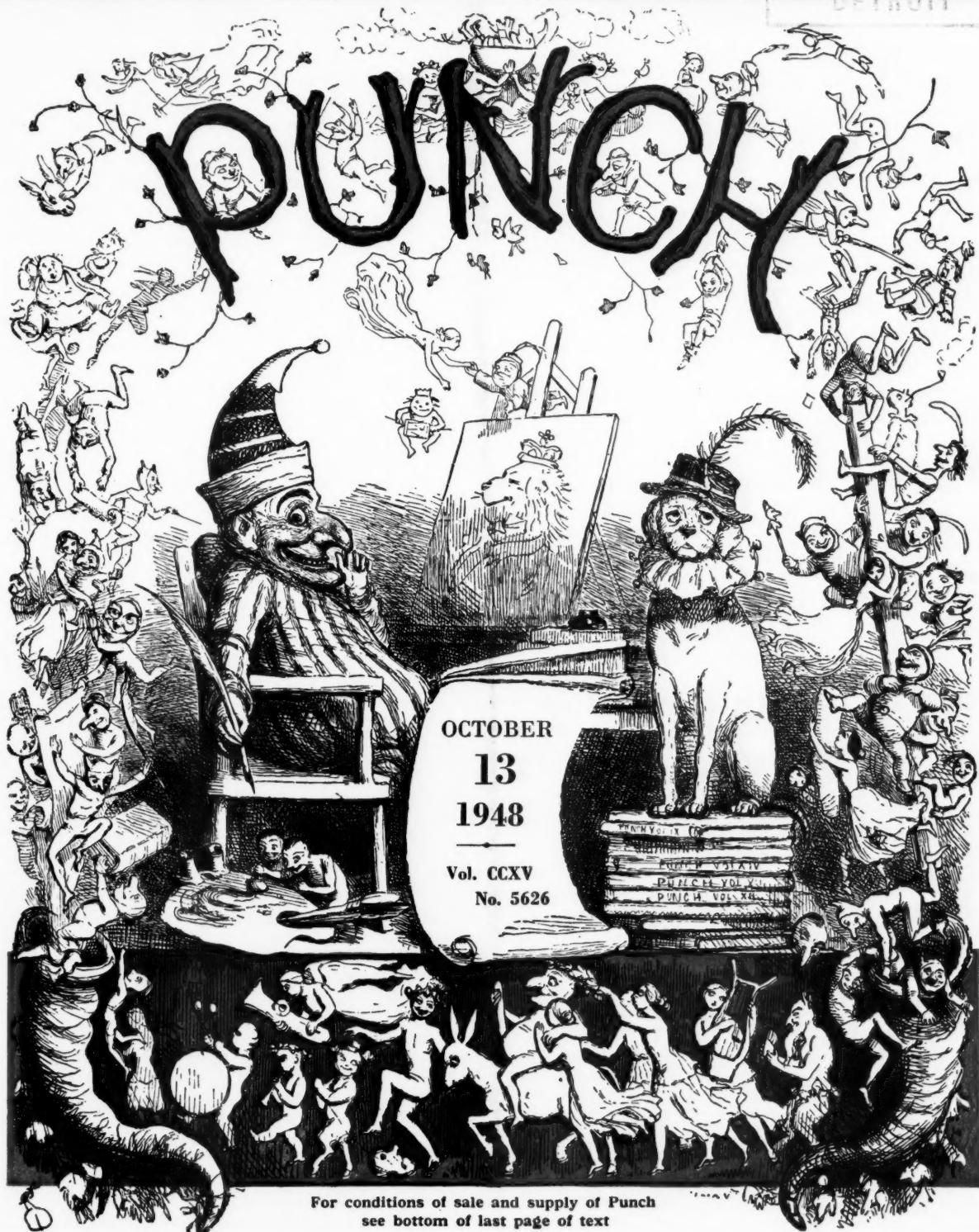


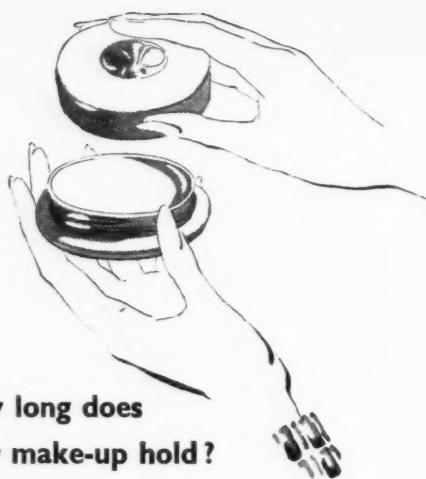
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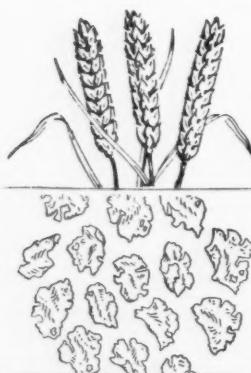
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Can we earn dollars in our sleep?

Of course the Government is right to urge more production to earn the dollars we need. But what is a man to do if he begins the day already tired and feels like a piece of chewed string by the end of it? Not to mention his wife, coping with rations and queues!

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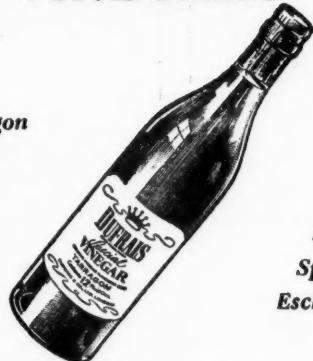
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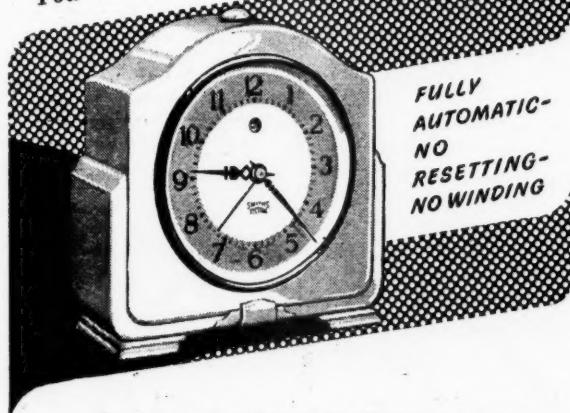
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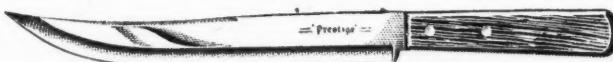
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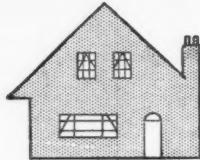


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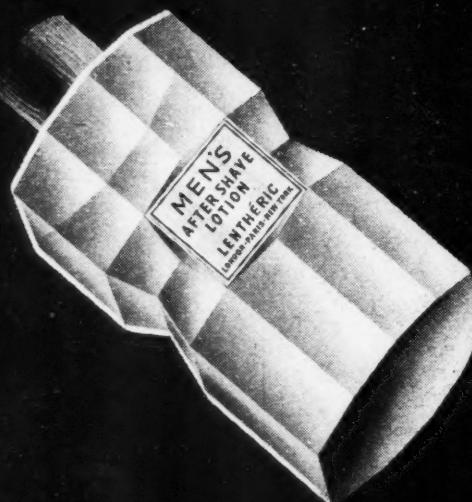
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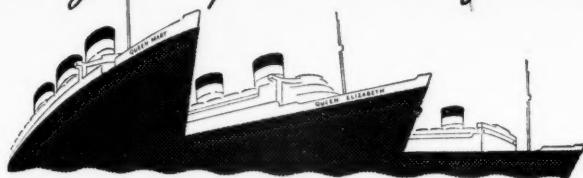
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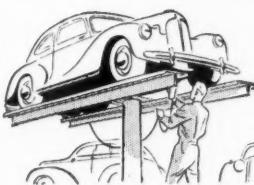
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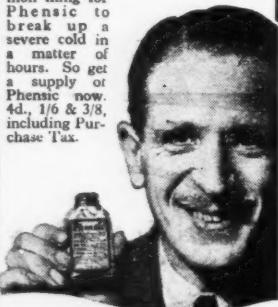
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Kelton
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AC EXTRA MILEAGE PLAN makes petrol last longer!

IS THERE A PETROL PIRATE in your motor? Too few motorists realize that a dirty or faulty spark plug can waste as much as one gallon of petrol in every ten. Take arms against this petrol pirate. Try the AC Extra Mileage Plan.

1 Consult the AC Plug Doctor

In just 10 minutes this sensitive device will test your plugs, clean the ones that are still good, indicate which should be replaced.

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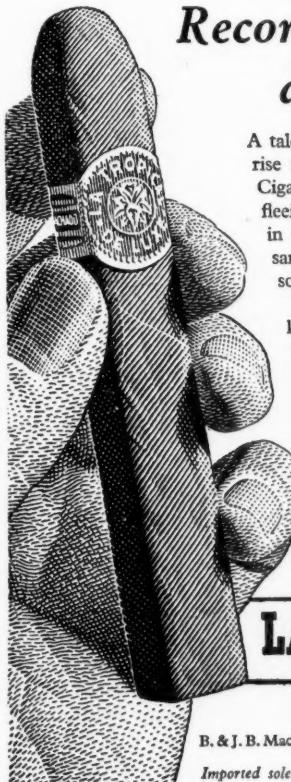
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GILBEY'S GIN



Be forewarned—ask your local garage to arrange well ahead for your needs.

The supplies of Romac Ethylene Glycol Anti-freezing Mixture are still somewhat limited. To be sure of getting sufficient for the safe protection of your car during the coming winter it would be well to order now.

Why CAN'T I GET a new car?

Export—that is the answer: a beautiful comforting word when things are normal, but in these lean days a grim word that means 'No.' We in Britain to-day, are like a family who own a factory and a shop; the factory is humming and the shop is packed with goods. But the family may not use them because we must sell them for money—dollars—to buy food and raw materials to keep the business going. No one can get round this hard fact. Therefore, although Dagenham is producing more than ever before, only a strictly limited few are reserved for British motorists; extra production must go overseas. There's only this consolation: every one of these latest Ford models you admire at the Motor Show helps to bring the day nearer when you can get your car. What a day that will be!

ISSUED BY FORD OF DAGENHAM



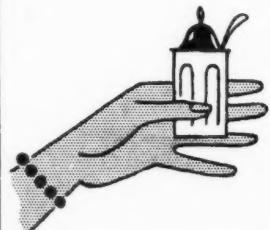
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For four sad years, we've had to ask you to leave Invalid Lembar for people who were ill with 'flu, biliousness or other unpleasantnesses. If you didn't, fie and shame. If you did, thank you—and may you outdistance all malingeringers to the shops, where Beverage Lembar for the hale and hearty is on sale again.

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Invalid Lembar from Chemists only
Beverage Lembar from Grocers
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"Give him Mustard!"	Asks for more
<i>It's nicer with COLMAN'S MUSTARD</i>	

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Not too little..	not too much..
	
<p><i>but just right IF IT'S</i></p> <p>ERASMIC SHAVING STICK <i>THANKS TO ITS DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER</i></p> 	

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PUNCH

Or
The London Charivari



Vol. CCXV No. 5626

October 13 1948

Charivaria

THERE is a lot of pleasure to be got out of being an M.P., says one of them. This should be comforting to any M.P. who may be got out of being one at the next General Election.

The building programme is handicapped by the timber shortage. The timber shortage is due to heavy demands for wood to make coat-hangers for the glut of garments stored in warehouses that the public has no clothes coupons for.



"FURTHER OUTLOOK.—None."
Weather forecast in Sunday paper.

Oh, come on, 'ave a bash!

A twenty-two-month-old American baby is said to smoke two cigars a day. One wonders whether a child of that age should be trusted with matches.

A radio comedian making his first appearance on a music-hall programme should try at all costs to be different, says a critic. One way would be not to drag in the name of the producer.

Show This to Your Butcher.

"Turhan Bey is a plausible medium, with steaks of a better nature occasionally obtruding."—*From a film review.*

A large manufacturing firm refused to accept forty tons of coal on the grounds that it was not combustible. That's another forty tons for household use.

"U.S. rejects a British base," says the *Daily Express*. We could of course retaliate by rejecting an old American destroyer.

A musician says that in the air-raids of the last war he slept under his grand piano. He is very nervous about the present international situation as he has since taken up the piccolo.

"Trout fisheries can be made immune from netting by the simple way of making them unnettable."

"Evening Citizen," Glasgow.
It's a possibility.

Bicycle-saddles are now made of compressed fibre. Experiments continue with a view to producing a machine with moustache handlebars.

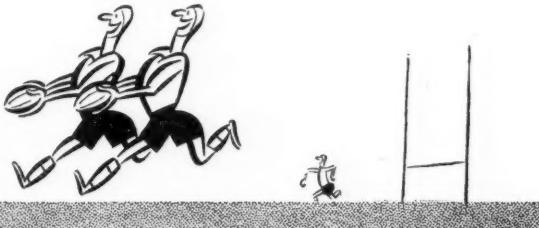


When the ivy was removed from the walls of a country house in Hertfordshire, a sundial, believed to be one hundred and fifty years old, was discovered. And to everyone's amazement it was still keeping good time.

Chance of a Nice Sit Down.

"Owing to permanent-way engineering work after 9 p.m. on Saturday, South London Line trains (Victoria to London Bridge) will begin and end at Battersea Park."—*The Star.*

Twin brothers playing for the same Rugby team are very much alike. Confusion can be avoided if opponents always remember to tackle the one with the ball.



Exchange

WRONG? Was it wrong? And must I be accused,
If in some weird confusion of the night
I chose the one I ought to have refused
And left the right?

I clapped the alien thing upon my brow
And as for mine, some other man unknown
Seems to prefer to stick to it till now
And lose his own.

For not until the morning came chagrin,
Not till the next day did I grieve for it,
And then but mildly. Seldom have I seen
So good a fit.

Mine was a trifle less responsible,
Lacking the grand, the magisterial air
His is, I feel the kind of coronal
That statesmen wear.

Such hats I think are worn to conferences
On grave occasions by the diplomat
English or French. I do not think this is
Vishinsky's hat.

But still I notice as I walk abroad
That men respect me as they did not once,
This is no tile intended for the fraud
Nor yet the dunce.

Imperious thoughts intrude upon my brain
Dreams, visions, come to me, the plan, the plot,
Which if I chanced to get my own again
I know would not.

Often in buses or the underground
When I descend or rise I cause a stir,
Liftmen salute me with respect profound
And call me Sir.

If the thing perched upon me like an Alp
Or blotted out the face—well then one fears . . .
But no, it seems to cover up the scalp
And miss the ears.

Yet sometimes as I go austere, aloof,
Thinking deep thoughts as though within a shrine,
My heart regrets the old familiar roof,
Hat o' mine!

EVOE.

The Operation will be Known as "Woad."

THE publication of the first volume of *The Second World War* has revealed an unexpected enthusiasm throughout the country for the *Commentarii de Bello Gallico* of C. Julius Caesar, with which Mr. Winston S. Churchill's great work has been widely, it might almost be said universally, compared.¹ Extraordinary scenes were witnessed in the Charing Cross Road early last week as reviewers besieged the second-hand book-shops in search of copies of the Dictator's masterpiece, and many book-sellers report that editions containing Vocabularies were quickly sold out.

Fresh impetus has now been lent to the study of the commentaries by the discovery of a hitherto unknown series of appendices to the eight books of the *de Bello Gallico*. These consist of a large number of Minutes and Dispatches from Caesar's own hand, though not of course in his own writing (the MS. appears to date from the eleventh century). I have not yet had an opportunity of examining them in the mass, but the following extracts, all of which relate to the year 55 B.C. and belong, therefore, to the end of Book IV, may suffice to show the character and importance of this new find. The roughness of the translation and the extreme paucity of notes will perhaps be pardoned in view of the short time allowed me for preparation.

*Proconsul to Pompey. June, 55 B.C.*²

You ought to consider the possibility of renewed revolts in Spain this summer. Not less than three legions, together with auxiliary troops, equipped with the most modern weapons and supported by engines of siege on the

largest scale, should be held in constant readiness to march.

When I left Spain in 60 there were upwards of twenty balistæ, all in good order, seven of them capable of propelling a half-hundredweight shot over two hundred paces. I gave orders that these should be stored in Lusitania. Somebody must get on to this without delay.

I am told there are a company of Balearic Slingers eating their hearts out at Agrigentum. Cannot we employ these ardent men?

Labienus has forces at his disposal, during my absence in Britain, to keep the Ædui, Treveri, etc., in check. But what are you going to do if the Helvetii break out again and turn southwards with all their power into Cisalpine Gaul? I know you will not mind my drawing these matters to your attention.

Crassus had better go to Syria at the end of the year. Let me have a paper on Parthian tactics by return.

C. J. C.

Proconsul to Commanders VII and X Legions. July, 55 B.C.

In war, as in peace, great matters are swayed by small decisions; and the agents of disaster wait upon those who throw all into the frigid lap of Destiny.

Small catapults will accordingly be emplaced in the prows of all galleys taking part in "Woad." They should be of simple design, trigger-operated and with twin arms, capable of inflicting great damage at short range in an opposed landing.

These catapults will be spoken of as "scorpions."³

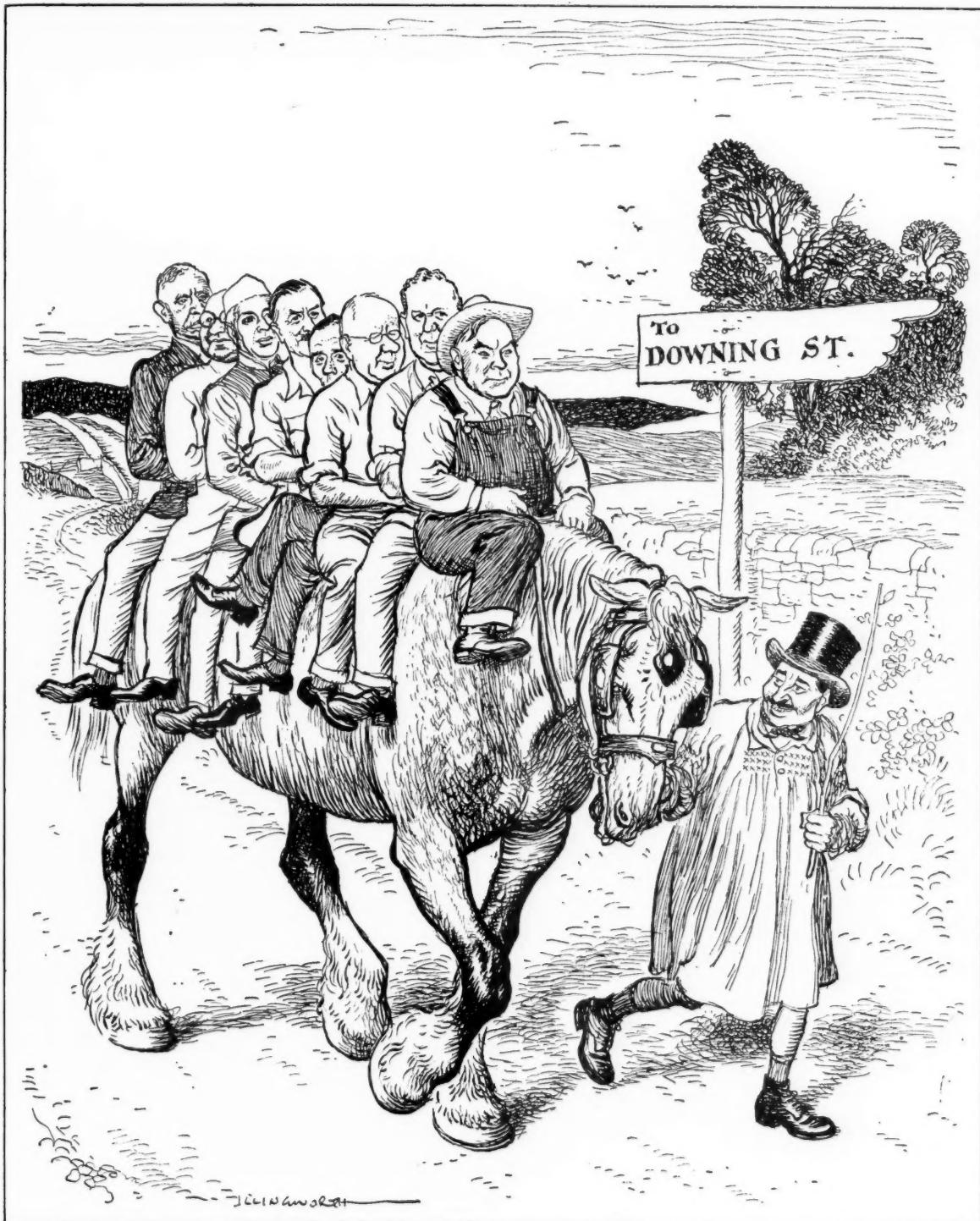
The British are said to be equipped with chariots of new design. Let me have full details immediately Volusenus returns.

We must also be prepared to meet women warriors on

¹ The comparison is not exact. Mr. Churchill, for instance, is much more sparing in his use of the ablative absolute.

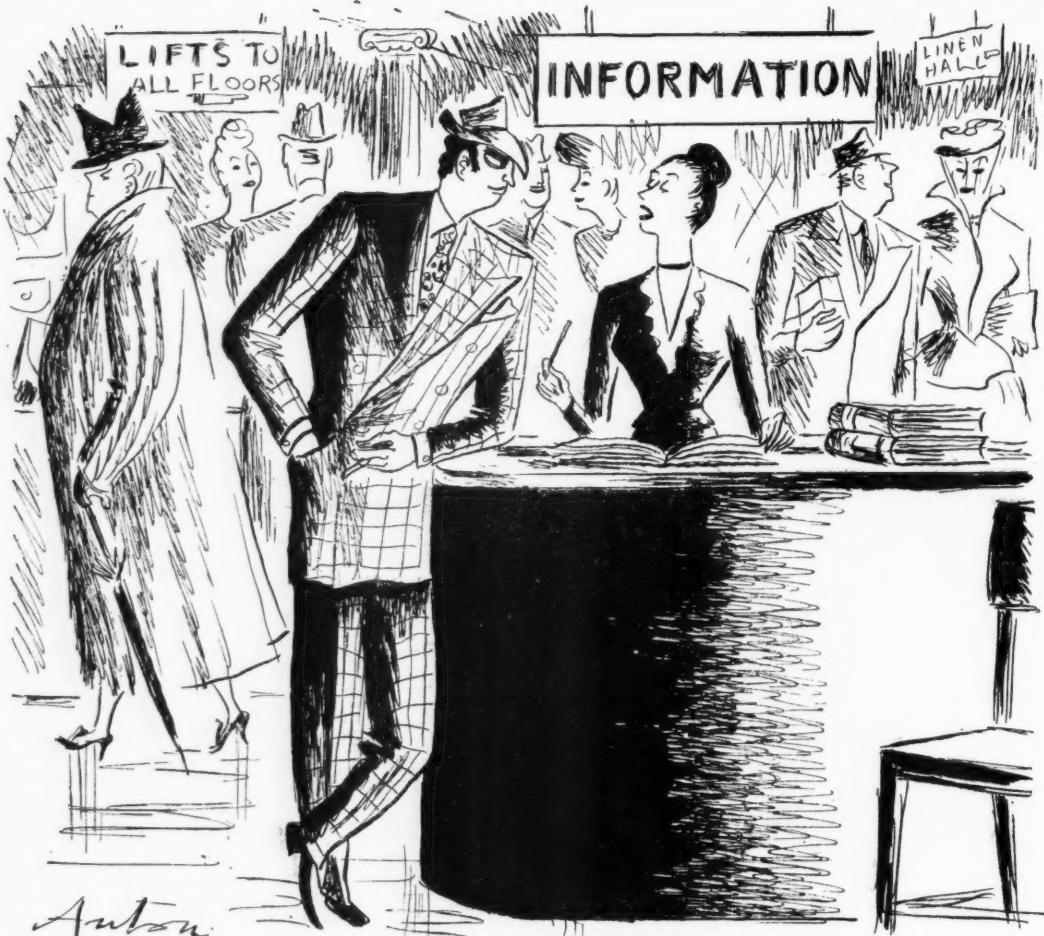
² Modern has been preferred to Roman dating owing to the great difficulty of subtracting 55 from 753 and then remembering to count in the number at each end in the ridiculous Roman fashion.

³ Presumably to confuse schoolboys.



TO WESTMINSTER FAIR

“... Wi’ Senanayake, Ali Khan, Jawaharlal Nehru, Godfrey Huggins, E. H. Louw, Peter Fraser, J. S. Rosevear, Mackenzie King, Old Uncle Clem Attlee and all. . .”



"They're collected on Fridays at half-past two from the Zenith Bank, on the corner of Tombard Street, by Mr. Simpson of the Accounts Department."

the field of battle. Steps must be taken to accustom the men to so unexampled a spectacle. Can a number of well-disposed Gallic women be prevailed upon to make a mock attack on our position with broadswords? If not, slaughter up to five hundred of their men-folk and repeat the request.

C. J. C.

Proconsul to Volusenus. July, 55 B.C.

This is an excellent paper on chariots.

I suppose you have considered the possibility that knives may be affixed to the axle-hubs at a latter stage. Though no evidence exists of this practice, it is an obvious step and one against which we must guard ourselves.

What can be done?

I had thought of metal knee-caps, with extensions upwards and downwards to suit men above and below average height. A slight loss of mobility can be accepted.

But all these matters must be gone into by the proper people. Get a small committee together and report to me at the sixth hour. Sulpicius Rufus may be able to help. He did some good work on mantlets for me at Vesontio.

C. J. C.

Proconsul to Labienus. September, 55 B.C.

The dust and clangour of war subside upon the sombre aftermath of victory.¹ Bromley is in our hands. Some two hundred British chariots have been destroyed and an equal number damaged beyond repair.²

I propose to go into winter quarters on my return to Gaul. Pray arrange for any petty chieftains who may wish to submit to see me at first light the day following my arrival.

And get the quarters of the Hastati cleaned up. Too many broken tiles, bits of parchment, old spear-heads and so on were lying about when I left camp and threw myself over the river.

I am sure you won't mind my drawing your attention to broken tiles. We had a lot of men laid up with cut feet when I was dealing with that man Ariovistus.³ H. F. E.⁴

¹ Literally "The enemy having been put to flight, I have time to drop you a line."

² Alas! archaeology shows that these numbers were exaggerated. Possibly Cæsar underestimated our reserve of spare wheels.

³ The text gives "a crunch having been come to between Ariovistus and me," but this does not seem to make sense.

⁴ For C. J. C. (absent to write up his Commentaries.)

Relations

I MUST first explain that this is not an article about uncles and aunts and so on. Its aim is wider and subtler, a survey of the relations between people and other people and between people and things, and it will include postmen and tea-trolleys. Still, I wouldn't like to miss the chance of reminding my readers how in conversation they sometimes like to tell their friends how many aunts and uncles they have, so that their friends can tell them how many they have too. A round-up of cousins may make another effective news item, but all such results must be quickly arrived at or the conversation may have gone on to something else, which is why relations are usually counted out loud, and fast, with corrections after. Aunts, by the way, are traditionally noted for their ability to see how people have grown, uncles for their handing out of half-crowns. There is not quite such a well-known theoretical idea of cousins, but my readers might agree that the thing about these relations, and about all relations in general, is that they get read out about at breakfast. We have only to imagine our own doings being read out at our relations' breakfasts to realize that we don't know one half of what goes on in this world.

Let us turn now to the relations between the famous and their public. I don't think I need say much about film stars, except that at one extreme you get crazed beings joining clubs which consist entirely of the film star in question, and at the other you get people who never go to the pictures, and in between some very inflexible arguing about *Citizen Kane*; but I should mention the particular esteem in which Marx Brothers fans hold themselves. Leaving out stage-actors, ballet-dancers, authors, foot-ballers, musicians and other people with difficult names that the public know are pronounced one of two ways, and all the rest of them, I must just bring in the relations of simple folk to Picasso and other tough picture exhibitions. Psychologists tell us that when they look at such an exhibition and note the number of people shuffling round sideways under no stronger impulse than a feeling that they thought they would go and see it, or because someone else brought them, they—the psychologists—say rather vaguely that they don't wonder.

But what I really wanted to say about the public's attitude to the famous is the proprietary feeling of all of us towards certain well-known people. There are all sorts of reasons for feeling like this about people we have never met; we may know someone who knows someone who knows them, or live near somewhere we once nearly stayed, or we may once have read some little paragraph about them in that section of the newspaper devoted to little paragraphs, or seen a photograph of them leaning against an arm-chair like ours. All these are good enough reasons for making someone of a positively special interest to us personally, and psychologists say that one average human can take this personal and special interest in an unlimited number of the well-known, and would feel on meeting any one of them that here was a stroke of Fate. Talking about those little paragraphs you get in newspapers, sometimes with a caption which puzzles you by not referring to anything, I must point out that when people read one about someone they actually do know they go at it so eagerly that even when they have finished all the words there are they don't feel they have got everything out of it.

I WAS going to tell my readers something about them and postmen. Postmen, of all the people who summon humanity by ringing its door-bell—with the possible

exception of all the other people who do—see it as it is. When it gets up late they see it in its dressing-gown, trying to look as if it has not got up late, and when it gets a very big parcel they see it looking as surprised as if the postman had wrapped it up himself. Indeed, all parcels are presents from postmen, who must by now be used to the degrees of gratitude proper to mended watches, boxes back from the cleaners, cardigans left in other people's houses and those square mysteries which turn out to be the addressed note-paper people forget they have ordered. Postmen must also have a good idea of the norm in reactions to a registered letter, which is probably a mixture of getting something unexpected and the bonhomie with which people sign their name with a borrowed pencil.

Casting bonhomie aside for the moment, let us consider the people who sometimes tell shops that they want to see the manager. These are significant words, for they usually signify that someone wants to do a bit of grumbling with results; statisticians tell us that managers and public do sometimes meet by arrangement for sunnier reasons, but it is probable that most managers, on being asked for, tell themselves that here human nature is again. The manager may be either someone the public knew all along without realizing it, or an impressive stranger obviously there to keep order, but in either case the relationship is predetermined; the manager is there to hear what it is all about, and the customer to say everything twice, by which I mean actually at least four times, in the way people do in any conversation embodying facts. Bank managers, of course, live very different lives; off-stage, ogres in theory and very occasionally frightening their quieter customers by answering their telephone calls themselves.

Finally a word about those tea-trolleys in relation to the people who wheel them. Tea-trolleys are fine useful pieces of furniture; but there is something about the way they go sideways rather than forwards, and their pessimism on meeting the edge of a rug, that makes them more than merely a little table you wheel from the place it is in to the place you want to get it to.

ANDE.

• •

Etymology, or Something

HISTORY relates
That a sporting nobleman, impatient of plates,
Invented a way to eat
Bread and meat
Which became very popular, and which
Was called after its inventor, the Sandwich.

We are also told
That to keep out the Crimean cold
A certain earl had himself kitted
With a snug woollen waistcoat (knitted).
Which cosy garment went down to fame
As the Cardigan, that being its inventor's name.

The odd thing is, that if these pillars of nobility
Had interchanged titles, while each retaining his inventive
fertility,
Many of us would now be eating cardigans with un-
reflective zest
And wearing a nice warm sandwich over the shirt and vest.

At the Pictures

The Fallen Idol—The Winslow Boy—Esther Waters

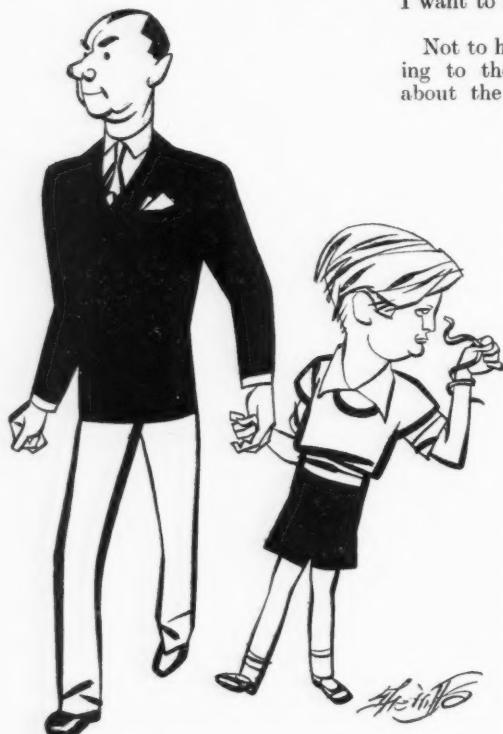
THE film of GRAHAM GREENE'S short story "The Basement Room" is presumably called *The Fallen Idol* (Director: CAROL REED) so as to help the ordinary filmgoer to put the correct emphasis on a situation that he might otherwise regard as Worthy Man Just Saved From Doom. From the new title he is supposed to realize that the chief character is not the butler suspected of the murder of his unpleasant wife, but the small boy whose hero-worship of him is shattered by the discovery that the man's stories of African adventure were mere leg-pulling. It is most unlikely that the ordinary filmgoer will realize this; he will go on regarding the film as "a Ralph Richardson picture" in which a clever boy has an unusually large part; but the title does its best to direct attention to the fact that the whole thing, brilliantly told as it is, can be seen from the boy's point of view.

Sensitively directed by the most interesting, the most universally equipped British director, BOBBY HENREY gives a performance of very striking charm as the lonely, engrossed little boy, and the older players, whether they are part of the main narrative or decorate the fringes of it, are excellent too. It is all beautifully done, full of sharply pleasurable moments for eye, ear and understanding, with amusing bits as well as moving and exciting ones (the police-station scene is funny, and the hide-and-seek in the darkened, sheeted mansion has very great suspense). But don't imagine I'm saying it contains something for everybody—on the contrary, I want to recommend it.

Not to have seen the play is cramping to the style of anyone writing about the film of *The Winslow Boy* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH), but I can at least assure others who didn't see the play, as well as those who did, that the film is unpretentiously good. Most people are likely to find it absorbing, for it is founded on one of the most powerful human motives, the craving for justice—or rather, the craving to see those responsible for injustice made to correct their mistake. And it's well done, though possibly with too much documentation of the 1912 scene—it seems hardly necessary, for example, to have given us two slices of 1912 musical comedy. The film, in fact, succeeds as the play succeeded: because an inherently strong dramatic theme, handled with intelligence, could hardly miss. The opportunities of a court scene and a House of Commons scene are well taken, the pleasant Winslow family is

handsomely portrayed, and Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE, unusually subdued in the part of the obsessed father, is the more convincing for this quietness. But the star part—in effect, not in size—is ROBERT DONAT's as the K.C. who takes on the case and makes it his own; he plays it with a glacial power and authority. KATHLEEN HARRISON too (the family retainer) has a quite splendid few moments of her own near the end.

Esther Waters (Directors: IAN DALRYMPLE and PETER PROUD) has not had a very good press; to be sure, it's not a picture I want to see again or one I should have chosen to go to in the first place, but there are plenty of people who like a straightforward tear-jerking narrative about a poor girl who survives many misfortunes to find a haven of content at last, and I don't see why they shouldn't enjoy it. GEORGE MOORE, of course, would hardly have considered that an adequate summing-up of his novel, and indeed there's not much left of the flavour of that—only the outlines of the plot, and some odd touches of stiltedness and artificiality about the Cockney speech. But the picture of Derby Day in the 'eighties (Frith come to life) is well worth seeing by any standard, and KATHLEEN RYAN as *Esther* often contrives to be touching. R. M.



[The Fallen Idol]

DIVIDED LOYALTY

Baines SIR RALPH RICHARDSON
Felipe BOBBY HENREY
Macgregor A SERPENT



[The Winslow Boy]

SINGLE-MINDED DEVOTION

Sir Robert Morton, K.C., M.P. ROBERT DONAT
Ronnie Winslow NEIL WORTH

"Paris, Sunday.—French police to-night were looking for a python, stolen from a car . . ."—*Daily paper*.

Perhaps whoever took it has a lisp.

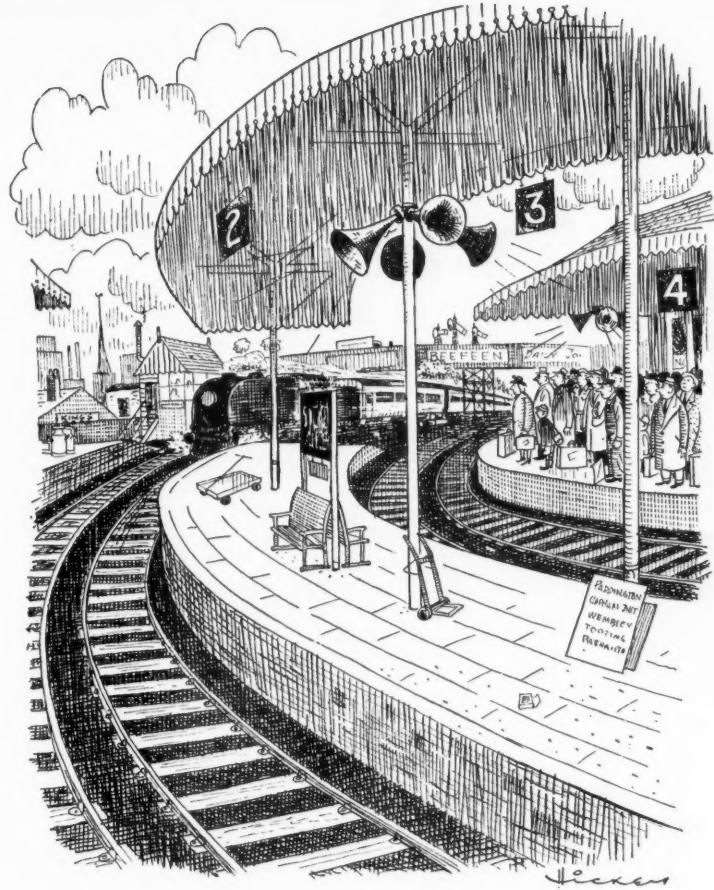
Forestry Interlude

MUMMY! Mummy, please may I borrow the clothes-line? Oh, Mummy, could you just move about an inch so that I can get round the back of your chair by this tree? Well, I was just going to do a job with it, I was just going to chop down this little tree. Mummy, surely you don't want this little small tree, it never has any *fruit* or anything, it's just sort of *growing* here. The *wind*? We never have any wind, Mummy, not on this lawn, I've often noticed there isn't any wind, except perhaps now and then it might blow a bit, and Mummy, I wanted a lot of *branches*—well, to make a *tunnel*, a sort of secret tunnel that you can make when there's a lot of branches all piled on top of one another and then you jump up and down on top and then you fall through and you build a tunnel to get out by at the bottom.

Well, you always have to have a rope to cut down a tree, it's the way a tree is cut down. Martin and Hilary have got a lovely cut down tree their father has just cut down in their garden. Mummy, he climbed up it and tied a rope round a branch and sawed it off, and we all pulled, not to let it go over into Miss Fisk's garden. Mummy, did you know about when you saw trees you have to be careful it's not on the *other* side in case you saw yourself off? It's a funny sort of thing how you might saw yourself off and not know. How do you think you'd *not know*, Mummy—I mean if you were being sown off?

We all carried the branches down by the garage and Hilary jumped on top of them and when we'd just made the tunnel the coal-man came and he couldn't get by so he had to use *another way*. Mummy, when a lump of coal has a shiny piece in it and you chop up the coal and put it in a bucket of water and the shiny piece sinks to the bottom, would it be gold, or anything precious? Hilary said it would, but she doesn't know, does she, Mummy? The bucket we had was dirty, we couldn't see, and it upset on the garage floor.

Mummy, I was *lassoed to the end*, on the rope when all the branches were off and it was only the big trunk and their father had made a sort of chip in it, and we all pulled when he said pull, and it wasn't enough so he made another chip and we all pulled again, their father and their mother, and Martin and Hilary and Christopher, and I was the one on the end, and when we were all nearly bursting there was



"The train now arriving at Platform Two has, I'm afraid, caught us completely on the wrong foot."

a sort of loud crack and a huge tremendous noise and it all fell down right across the potatoes, and where a branch had been stuck on it was sticking out and dug up a potato. Mummy, wasn't it serum, it dug up a potato, and they gave it to me because I was the one on the end, and could I have it to-morrow for dinner, cooked specially by itself, please, because it's the one that the tree dug up and they gave it to me, could I, Mummy?

Mummy, may I please borrow a *very clean* white bowl to put in some coal and some water and leave it all night for a glinting piece to sink to the bottom and show it to Hilary to-morrow when nothing *has* sunk to the bottom, so that she'll *know* she doesn't know, may I, Mummy, please?

○ ○

"Evening suit, silk facings, as new, inside leg 33 in., waist 34 in., chest 40 in., complete shirt. . . ."—*Advt. local paper.*

Has it never been to the laundry?

M. H. SPIELMANN

We learned with great regret of the death on October 2nd of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, a lifelong friend of *Punch* and the historian of its first fifty years. Mr. Spielmann devoted his life to art and literature and became a knowledgeable and prolific critic, editing the *Magazine of Art* for seventeen years. An essay on "The Unidentified Contributions of Thackeray to *Punch*" led to the suggestion that he should write his "History of *Punch*"—still an invaluable repository of information about the early years of the paper.

He married, in 1880, his first cousin, Mabel, the only daughter of Edwin Samuel and a sister of Viscount Samuel. He was in his ninety-first year.



"Going up, haberdashery, knitwear, woollens, drapery.
Going down, please walk, fuel economy, thank you."

Lullaby in Election Year

LULL me to sleep, O Forty-Eight!
I'll set my restless memory roaming
To find the name of every State
From Alabama to Wyoming.

There's Alabama, Arizona, Ar-kan-sas,
California, Colorado, Conn.
(*Sleep, Sleep, you maverick steer, where have you gone?*)
There's Delaware and Florida and Georg-i-a,
Idaho and Illinois and Ind.
There's Iowa and Kansas, there's Kentucky and there's La.
(*And moonlight, and the streaming of the wind . . .*)

There's eight of 'em with "M"—Maine, Maryland and
Mass.,
There's Michigan, Minnesota, Miss.,
Missouri, Montana—I can see them as they pass
Like phantoms in a glass.
(*Sleep should come soon—ah, bliss!
If not full peace, at least an armistice.*)

Nebraska, Nevada—there's eight of 'em with "N"—
New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, N.Y., . . .
North Ca'lin-a, North Dakota—(*oh, when, tell me when
Will sleep close my eyes, or morning pale the sky?*)

There's Ohio and there's Okla., there's Oregon and Penna.,
And little Rhode Island, the smallest of them all;
South Ca'lin-a, South Dakota—(*from this night-long Gehenna
Deliver me, O Forty-Eight, and let my eyelids fall.*)

There's Tennessee and Texas, there's Utah and Vermont;
And then comes Old Virginny, where I was far from born;
(*But the State called Sleep—that's the one I really want:
Or if not sleep, then the coming of the morn.*)

Four more to go. Take it easy, take it slow.
Washington . . . West Virginia . . . Wisconsin . . . Wyo. . . .
(*And am I sleeping? No!*)

The Forty-Eight have failed me—though I love 'em just
the same.

To-morrow night I'll have to try the Blackboard Game,
Or Counting to a Million, or even Counting Sheep.

(*O Sleep, sweet Sleep,
Hear my unanswered prayer—
While the wind blows, and combs the birch-trees' hair . . .*)

JAN.

• •

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THIS Fragment was the fine flower of a period devoted to the contemplation of a rabbit made out of beads. I had been sandpapering the spare bedroom, as something in the air made my wife sniff visitors, and when I finished I found the door had stuck. We had only one handle between two doors, owing to the builder's coming only in slack seasons, and someone had taken the handle for their own room. So in durance until its return was what I was, but a durance productive of drama, as can be seen by reading on.

HOW WITTY DR. BLAKISTON CURED ENID'S HICCOUGHS.

(*The scene is a Department Store.*)

FLOORWALKER. Can I assist you, madam?

MRS. CAYNE. How should I know?

FLOORWALKER. Let me recast my question: What are you looking for?

MRS. CAYNE. The love of a good man. (*Laughs wildly and passes on.*)

MRS. VERMIT. Is an eye-bath Glass or Pharmacy?

FLOORWALKER. That depends whether you wish the balance to tip on the side of industrial design or on that of hygiene. On the second floor, for example, you will find some eye-baths with long, willowy stems, the grace of which is breath-taking, while those on the lower basement are unbreakable and squat.

MRS. VERMIT. My grandfather wants it for a conjuring trick. Here's another poser for you. Where should I go for memorial plaques? We want to stick one on the front of our house to say that highwaymen used to abound nearby.

FLOORWALKER. The liaison-officer between Ironmongery and Printing will be pleased to deal with it. Ironmongery is straight through on the ground floor, and Printing is beyond the Turkish bath on the fourth. Mr. MacMice will be found, of course, between the two.

MRS. VERMIT. Lastly, have you an opening here for my son, Jeremy? Your sort of job would suit him. Perhaps he could be apprenticed to you?



"Six to four you don't find it."

FLOORWALKER. Oh, they get us from a film-casting bureau. Most of the rest of the staff are promoted customers.

MRS. VERMIT. Within reason, thank you.

"SCARVES." I say, "Gloves," I'm getting real fed-up, all these people not wanting to buy, and just wanting to read the stock for nothing. Seen these new lines for the highbrow trade—the score of Bartok's "Un peu gris," Pictorial Statistics about Trade Cycles, and a Little Anthology of Translations from the Modern Greek?

WELFARE MANAGER. Well, girls, who's going to get the hockey cup?

"GLOVES." "Prams" are very strong this year, but "Sunshades" have a new goalie they say is a real Cerberus.

"SCARVES." Is there any news, Miss Vi, of the bonus scheme?

WELFARE MANAGER. Yes, slide-rules are being issued to all members of the Staff Council.

MR. JACKIE HASLETT. Could you tell me where to get a racoon for my wife?

WELFARE MANAGER. I've got one at home you can have second-hand. It answers to the name of Papinax-andriou Papinaxopoulos, but its real name is Curly.

LIFT-GIRL. Going up, and up, and up. Smokers', readers' and gardeners' requisites, educational games, bathwear, cablegrams and table-d'hôte cafeteria have to be gone down to, so this lift wouldn't be much use.

COMMISSIONAIRE. Rules or no rules, I'm coming in here to get dry.

FLOORWALKER. But where's your large umbrella?

COMMISSIONAIRE. Somebody pinched it at the club last night. I haven't been so rained on since I was an umpire. All my ribbons have run—most misleading they are.

FLOORWALKER. Go and see if Stormwear can lend you a sou'wester and oilskins. Yes, madam?

MISS CHORL. Where shall I find the roof-garden?

FLOORWALKER. Third floor.

MISS CHORL. Thank you. Now, there's another thing. I have an alarm clock that's suddenly begun to cuckoo. Have you a consulting horologist?

FLOORWALKER. Yes, but you have to get a letter from your own watch-maker first.

MISS CHORL. Etiquette is the bindweed of modern life.

FLOORWALKER. I can see our Tear-off Calendar Department will be snapping you up.

CHILD. I've lost, I is. That's my label.

FLOORWALKER (reads). "This is Wee Jamie Macdonald. His parents will not be responsible for his debts. Will

finder please bring him immediately to 43 Station

Road, Stornoway, and receive a Mother's Thanks."

CHILD. Want shrimping-net—nylon mesh and mahogany handle, on three days' appro.

FLOORWALKER. I think "cute" rather than "sweet" is the *mot juste* for Wee Jamie. There's an extra half-day for anyone who can lose him again.

Enter the PROPRIETOR, with satellites

FLOORWALKER. A very good morning indeed to you, Mr. Brownday.

PROPRIETOR. The same to you (*consulting staff-list*), Smith. What is the average time taken by a male customer of the middle age-groups to negotiate a revolving door?

FLOORWALKER. But we have no revolving doors.

PROPRIETOR. I do not allow quibbling. You will act as Father Christmas in the Fishmongery Department for the whole of the Season.

GENERAL MANAGER. Bad cess to ye, Smith.

AIDE-DE-CAMP. Yet again, Smith, has justice been tempered with mercy.

BODYGUARD. *Facilis descensus Averno*, Bud.

FINIS.





SCENE: An R.A.F. airfield, turned into a motor-track for a great occasion, the first international Grand Prix held in England since 1927. This track, using the perimeter and runways, resembles a giant diabol. It has nice corners and nasty ones, the latter made nastier by bales of straw which lay the intrepid driver a half-stymie while giving the impression to the innocent mind of snacks thoughtfully arranged for official elephants lurking to tow away the casualties. Mine is that innocent mind. The whole drama has been beautifully staged by the R.A.C. On one side of the starting straight are grandstands, humming like the Tower of Babel, on the other are the pits, looking at first sight like a length of church bazaar with a canvas cover. In fact they are not pits at all, but stalls, at which the competitor can pull in during the race for anything from tyres to tea. They are the storm centre of excitement, where engines are already being warmed up with the sound of thunder in the mountains.

Tense, but very friendly, these pits. Here is a family party, pigtails and,

dungarees, keyed up to do its damnedest for an ancient paternal wagon, and here a crack continental team, dark-tanned mechanics casually nursing engines long since in fighting trim. Banish any notion of grim-faced commercialism. But for the smell of burnt castor oil and the vicious noise of high-speed motors this might be a point-to-point. Both in the pits and in the crowds beyond there are almost as many women as men, the former being divided, we decide, into two kinds: high-octane girls, afame with enthusiasm, and sad, drooping little piston-widows. . . .

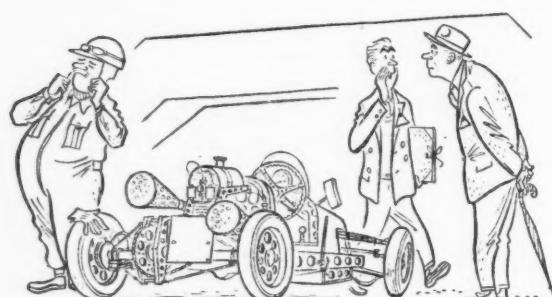
The first race is a curtain-raiser, for amazing tiny cars which seem to have strayed in from a fun-fair, their three-and-a-half horse motor-bike engines tapping away in their tails like enraged woodpeckers. As we watch them line up it occurs to us to wonder why makers should take so much trouble to lighten the racing-car by drilling it into a colander while taking no steps to reduce the frequent bulginess of its driver. It is otherwise with horse-racing, a feeling we get again at the start of this race, which is curiously

bungled, the flag dropping before many of the competitors are ready. These mounts are scarcely less temperamental than those at Aintree or Newmarket, where such stern insistence on the sanctity of the scheduled second would create similar havoc. The game little beetles stagger away raggedly, but by the end of the lap

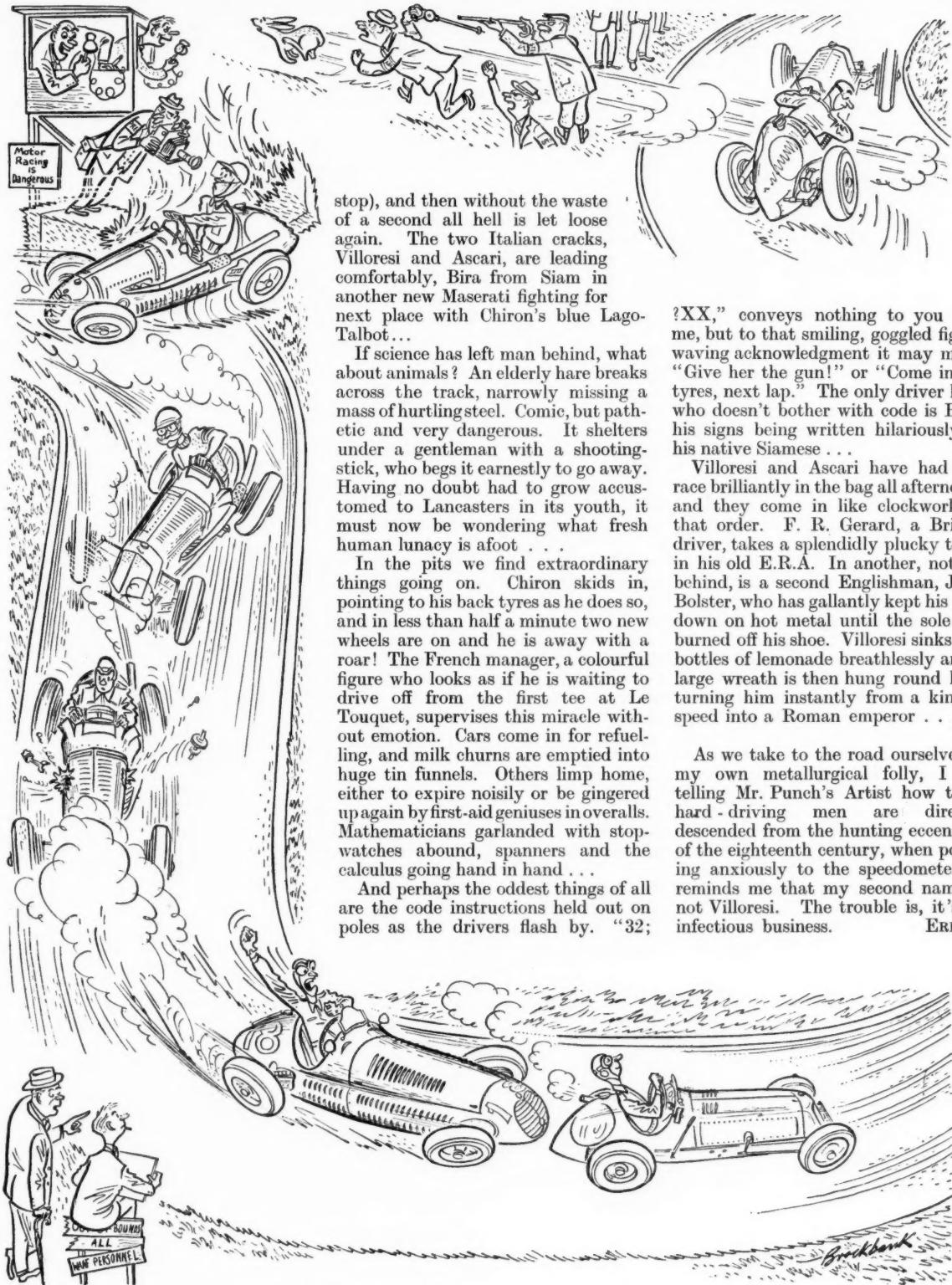
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they come back into the straight like scalded hellcats. Eighty miles an hour, perhaps ninety. The very thing for going to the station. An American, Spike Rhiando, wins sturdily in a British Cooper-J.A.P. . . .

There are two sizes of car in the big race, which follows quickly—up to 1500 c.c. (12 h.p.) with superchargers, and up to 4500 c.c. without. In the first category are the new Italian Maseratis, long, scarlet, looking fiendishly efficient (racing-cars can't possibly get any lower) and the British E.R.A.s; in the second the big French Lago-Talbots. The foreign cars are nearly all new, while the E.R.A.s, which swept the board before the war, are mostly ten or twelve years old. (Why Britain should lag so far behind with what is the experimental side of a vital export is a question only Whitehall could answer. France and Italy were in the war, too.) This time a perfect start. One moment the twenty or so drivers are chatting in a dead hush to their mechanics, the next they are off like rockets, their tyres screaming and smoking. The earth seems to shake with the din. Averaging over seventy, hitting at times twice that speed, they will be round again every three minutes for sixty-five laps . . . We go up to Abbey Curve to meet them. It is a half-angle, and they take it at about a hundred, skidding gently and wrestling with their steering as they straighten out. I'll say it's exciting . . . In the middle of the field two blood-curdling hairpins almost touch. Here we see great artists at work. They come licking down the straight, we hear a high whine as they drop into third, followed by the shriller screech of rubber protesting. Round the corner quite slowly (at least it seems slowly, but I suppose our hearts would



"He says all this drilling of holes is to save weight."



"Surely THAT isn't in OUR Highway Code?"

stop), and then without the waste of a second all hell is let loose again. The two Italian cracks, Villoresi and Ascari, are leading comfortably, Bira from Siam in another new Maserati fighting for next place with Chiron's blue Lagot Talbot...

If science has left man behind, what about animals? An elderly hare breaks across the track, narrowly missing a mass of hurtling steel. Comic, but pathetic and very dangerous. It shelters under a gentleman with a shooting-stick, who begs it earnestly to go away. Having no doubt had to grow accustomed to Lancasters in its youth, it must now be wondering what fresh human lunacy is afoot...

In the pits we find extraordinary things going on. Chiron skids in, pointing to his back tyres as he does so, and in less than half a minute two new wheels are on and he is away with a roar! The French manager, a colourful figure who looks as if he is waiting to drive off from the first tee at Le Touquet, supervises this miracle without emotion. Cars come in for refuelling, and milk churns are emptied into huge tin funnels. Others limp home, either to expire noisily or be gingered up again by first-aid geniuses in overalls. Mathematicians garlanded with stopwatches abound, spanners and the calculus going hand in hand...

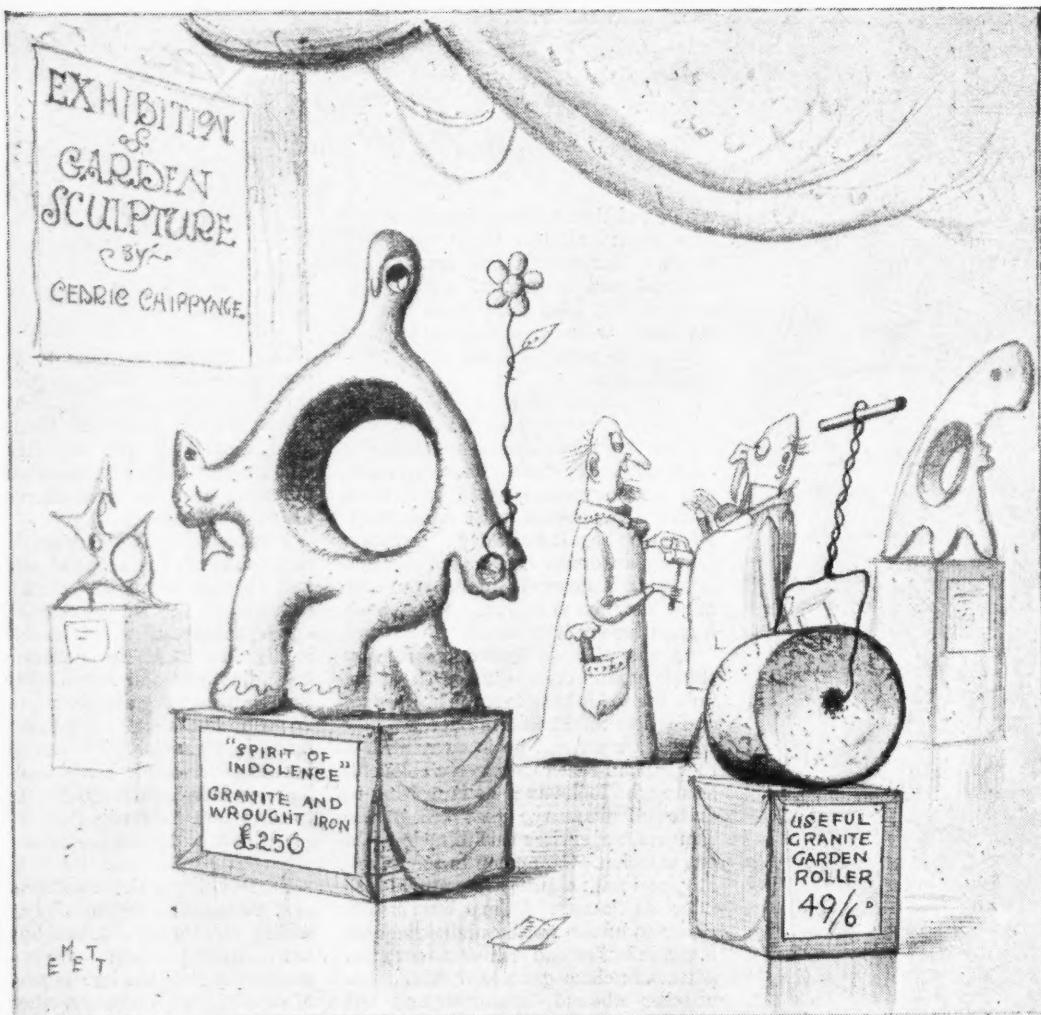
And perhaps the oddest things of all are the code instructions held out on poles as the drivers flash by. "32;

?XX," conveys nothing to you and me, but to that smiling, goggled figure waving acknowledgment it may mean "Give her the gun!" or "Come in for tyres, next lap." The only driver here who doesn't bother with code is Bira, his signs being written hilariously in his native Siamese...

Villoresi and Ascari have had the race brilliantly in the bag all afternoon, and they come in like clockwork in that order. F. R. Gerard, a British driver, takes a splendidly plucky third in his old E.R.A. In another, not far behind, is a second Englishman, John Bolster, who has gallantly kept his foot down on hot metal until the sole has been burned off his shoe. Villoresi sinks two bottles of lemonade breathlessly and a large wreath is then hung round him, turning him instantly from a king of speed into a Roman emperor...

As we take to the road ourselves in my own metallurgical folly, I am telling Mr. Punch's Artist how these hard-driving men are directly descended from the hunting eccentrics of the eighteenth century, when pointing anxiously to the speedometer he reminds me that my second name is not Villoresi. The trouble is, it's an infectious business.

ERIC.



"I must say this modern trend DOES give one an opportunity to combine Art and Utility."

Blotted Out

SHE has taken it away. Yes, it is gone,
The lovely blotting-paper whereupon
The legend of my future life was writ!
Bring her to me! She shall account for it!

Let her come forth, that fiendish busy bee
Who dared to make a prisoner of me,
Caging me in my lodging like a beast
Because I can't remember in the least

The dates or times of friendly assignations,
The temporary homes of my relations,
The number that was given me by TRU
Of Ettie Ramsden's house at Milton Hooe,

The hour written in the left-hand corner
That I was asked to see a film by Warner,
The HOP that circumscribed the central blot
With numerals inside a flower-pot.

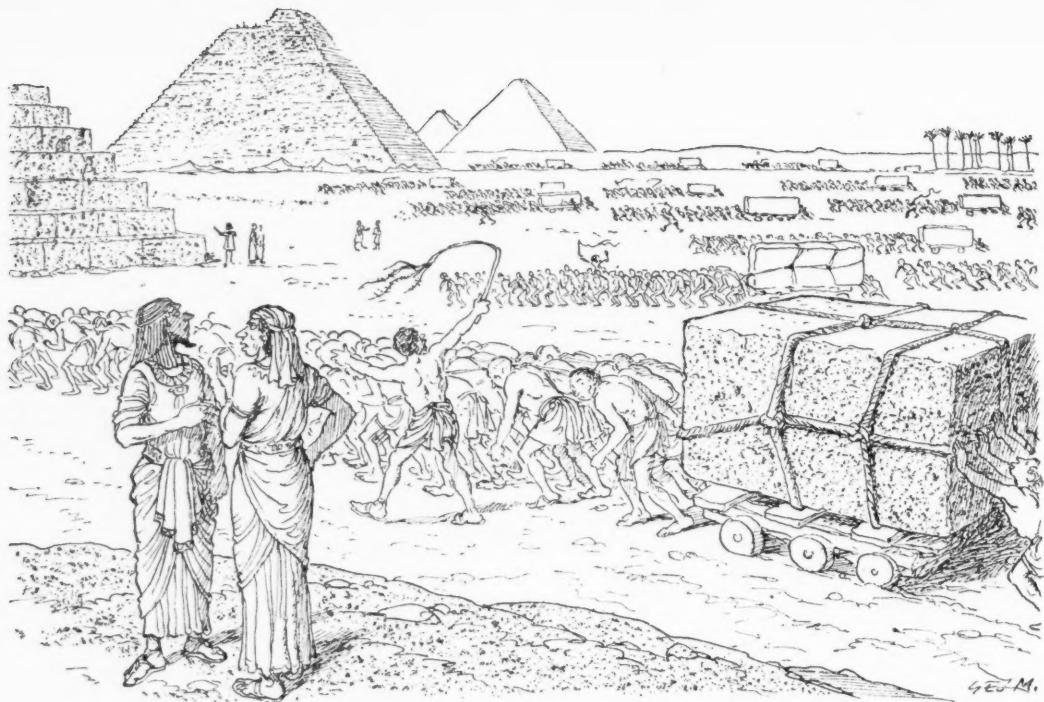
Oh, is it Monday lunch or Tuesday tea
That Betty brings her aunt to visit me?
And where are all those measurements I made?
And oh! that man who renovates brocade!

What is his name and where does he reside?
Fiend! Fiend! to take away my joy, my pride,
My hopes to welsh, my every plan to scotch!
Oh, give me back my little piece of blotch.

V. G.



THE PECULIAR PEACEMAKER



"Well, the blocks are prefabricated, of course, but it's a semi-permanent structure."

Never a Dull Moment

IF you had your time to go over again," he said, "what would you be?"

"Forty-two. Why?" I said, holding my glass up against the light.

It wasn't a very smart answer, but it made me feel a little better. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Halletson wince with annoyance. That was something. And if you knew Halletson you'd agree. He's one of these Never-a-dull-moment boys. Ordinary conversation about this, that, and the other doesn't interest him. Nor does a good old-fashioned silence. As soon as the talk becomes desultory or bitty—or earlier if possible—he takes command and tries to galvanize the company into intense but futile mental activity. His usual gambit is the "What would you do if . . ." type of question. You know the sort of thing—"If you won £20,000 in the Pools what would you do?" "If you weren't you who would you like to be?" and the one about being on a desert island with six discs. Halletson is really an old-time bore brought up to date by the B.B.C. and its energetic quiz merchants.

This time I was determined to have a show-down.

"What d'you mean, forty-two?" he said, irritably.

"What I should be if I had my time over again."

"You don't understand," he said, "I mean—"

"Oh, I see," I said with a show of enthusiasm, "you want to know what people are *called* when they get a second stab at life—reincarnation, transmigration, metempsychosis and all that. Well, I should be a—"

"No, no, I mean what would you *do*?"

"All depends. If I came back as a pig I suppose I should grunt, for one thing."

"Listen, you idiot. I said what would you do if you had your time over again. What kind of work, what job?"

He dabbed at his mouth with a handkerchief.

"There's no need to lose your temper," I said, "merely because you're too proud to admit you don't know what metempsychosis means."

"Who doesn't?"

"You're hedging," I said.

"Don't be ridiculous. Metempsychosis is . . . Look here, this is getting us nowhere. I'll start again. You have your life all over again. You can follow any trade or profession you like. What is your choice?"

"Depends."

"Can't you give me a straight—"

"It would depend on whether other people were having *their* time over again or not. If they were I should wait and see what jobs they chose—science or the sea, most likely. Anyway, I'd pick something different. No use entering the crowded professions, you know. Common prudence."

"You are the *only* one living his life over again."

The barman came across under the impression that Halletson was shouting for a drink.

"Ah, well, that's different," I said. "If I'm the only one I should probably sit in a barrel at Blackpool or Brighton and make a fortune as 'The Only Man Who's Had His Time Over Again!' They'd simply flock—"

"Really, you're impossible!"

"Or else I should sell my body to the Royal College of Surgeons for

post-mortem analysis, and live on the proceeds."

Halletson pushed his hat well back on his head and closed his eyes.

"Look," he said very softly, "I'll tell you what I'd do if I had *my* time over again. Then you'll see what I mean. Well, I'd—"

"I thought you said I was to be the only one. Be consistent, man!"

"If you're so utterly stupid that—"

"Now, now!"

"If I were *you*, then, and *you* had your time over again, I'd be—"

"Say that again."

"I'm being *you*, because you're the only one living his life over again, and I'm telling you what I'd do in your place."

"Clear as mud. Where do I come in?"

"You're out of this. I'm *you*,

having your time to live over again. Get that into your thick skull!"

"Your thick skull. You're me, remember."

"I give up. You're hopeless."

"Very well," I said woundedly, "if that's the way you feel. Anyway, what're you drinking?"

We drank our way through two beers in prickly silence. Then I asked whether I could give him a lift. We walked round the corner and got in. Just before we reached Piccadilly Tube Station he seemed to soften.

"This is a nice bus," he said.

"Runs like a bird."

"She's not so bad," I said, "but if I had my time over again I'd go in for a Falcon Fourteen—if I had my time over again."

He scrambled out and ran down the steps, his face the colour of mud flats at dawn.

Hop.

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Family Favourites

"WOULD you grant me a slight favour, sir?" said the little man with the portable gramophone. "I'm Charlie Heartburn."

In Broadcasting House one has to be continually on one's guard against this sort of thing, and I swept through the vestibule at increased speed to wrench my coat-tail from his grasp. Outside, however, he raised a small bowler and revealed a forelock of softest camel-hair which attracted me at once.

"I want the B.B.C. to play a record," he continued, "but they keep chucking me out."

"Aren't you a professional decoy for a quiz programme?" I asked suspiciously.

"Ho, no," he said. "I'm a tuba-player be rights."

"The tuba?" I said. "Surely you are very small to wield such an enormous instrument?"

"I was all right sitting down," he sighed, "but it was staggering along the High Street on the march that finished me. It brought me to my knees in the end."

"I can well believe it. It's given you a permanent stoop."

"I know," he said. "I gave me all to the tuba, but I don't mind so long as our conductor hears this 'ere record."

"Why not play it to him yourself?"

"We can't find 'im," he groaned.

"Not?"

"No. You see, he was too gentle, and the band took advantage. He used

to plead with 'em, but in the end they all ran amok, and he wearied of it and left us."

For a while he pawed desperately at the pavement with one boot in an effort to master his feelings. Touched by his distress, I stepped back and mused on an aerial on Broadcasting House, clicking my tongue in sympathy.

"After he fled away," he continued, at last, "we see our mistake, so we all practised like billy-ho and worked ourselves up to a peak, and then paid to have a record made of it before we went off again."

He beckoned me stealthily round the corner into the quiet of Langham Street, and there set his gramophone going. I recoiled in horror.

"Do you expect the B.B.C. to connive at inflicting this appalling noise on a long-suffering public?" I demanded.

"It goes soft in a minute," he pleaded, eluding my grasp. "There it is! 'Woodland Murmurs'—with me on the tuba."

"I don't detect anything," I said doubtfully.

"I'll hold it up to your ear," he said, doing so.

I inclined a critical ear to the soundbox and nodded.

"Very fine," I commented. "I don't recall hearing a tuba to better advantage."

"Hark! There it is again," he cried, round-eyed with joy.

"Quite. A very fruity *Boompoompoomp*, like elephant's hiccup."

"That's it!" he cried. "In me excitement I always used to make it a loud hooting sound."

"And the conductor objected?"

"Yes. He took me on one side and remonstrated, but I've cured myself of it now. He wouldn't half be pleased if he heard us on the B.B.C.—he always listens to Family Favourites. It might draw him back to us."

"Quite likely," I nodded. "Or you would, I think, stand an excellent chance among the interludes in the Third. You might start as a prose reading and work your way up."

"But the commissioners won't let me in," he wailed, closing the gramophone. "Now, if you was to talk to 'em nice—"

Now you must agree that Mr. Heartburn's case was one deserving of every consideration, and I re-entered the building very firmly. The commissioners closed in on me in a rather menacing way at my mention of Mr. Heartburn's name. Suddenly I spotted Charlie himself skirting our circle and making for the doors marked "Studios." His wraith-like gliding motion I put down to the extreme flexibility of his ankles and the extraordinary speed of his steps. He shot out of sight as the others turned.

"He's in!" gasped one of the party. "Sound the alarm!"

As the bell rang a squad of announcers was unleashed and pounded off in hot pursuit. Up to a late hour last night Mr. Heartburn was still at large.

For the time being listeners should treat technical hitches, silences broken only by heavy breathing or the sound of a blunt instrument, sudden gasps and the like, with a fair amount of tolerant good-humour. All that can be done is being done, and I hear that more than one highly-placed personage has sworn to get Mr. Heartburn out if they have to take Broadcasting House apart stone by stone.

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Rude Receiver

IT is an ancient super-het.—
My very low-brow wireless set—
Of programmes from the B.B.C.
It stoppeth only two of three—
And loudly giveth him the bird
Who urgeth it to get the Third.

• •

"SHOPGIRLS' STRIKE
GROCER YIELDS POINT."
Headings in Hull paper.

Hardly worth it.



"I don't know what we should have done without the sunshine roof."

Jumble Lore

HAVE you any jumble?" In pre-war days this clarion call in feminine voices could be heard ringing down the village streets of England about four times a year. It betokened the approach of the four quarter-days of Church Bazaar, W.I. Sale, Mothers' Union Annual Party and the Faitanflarshow.

The call could be heard in varying tones—diffidence (one doesn't really expect she *will* have anything)—hope (she *may* have just decided to turn out that old trunk in the attic)—embarrassment (one hardly likes to suggest that she possesses *anything* which isn't of the best and newest)—and grim determination (one is going to get *something* out of her, otherwise not a thing does she get when it's her turn to ask, come next Churchbazaaride).

The net result of it all, however, was that four times a year converging streams of cast-off clothes, shoes, books,

ex-children's ex-toys and so forth met and coagulated in one large heap on a couple of trestle tables labelled "Jumble Stall." Thence it was profitably redistributed throughout the village, a fair proportion of it playing return dates come next Faitanflarshowmas.

But that was in the good old days. The days when old clothes were just not-so-new clothes one had got tired of. The war has now changed everything on the jumble front. To begin with, there are five quarter-days, the War Memorial Playing Field Fund having also been added to the list. On top of this everyone, thanks to coupons and shortages, is now living on the jumble standard. So when at its appointed seasons the clarion call rings down the village street: "Have you any jumble?" the answer is generally a cold and defiant: "Yes, and I'm still wearing it!"

The once diffidently hopeful hunt

for jumble, in short, has developed into a cut-throat competition with no holds barred. Private enterprise—and that is a euphemism—flourishes wickedly despite the Socialist Government. For a period after each quarter-day the best-dressed people are those who have been so kindly running the jumble stall, and who have thereby got first pick. In Little Poppington and several neighbouring villages there exists a definite ring among jumble sales-women to sky the prices of certain coveted items out of the public's reach, and come to a reasonable agreement afterwards in the vicarage drawing-room. Indeed, there was a most unsavoury case at Upleigh Magna last July when a practically new dress-suit came suddenly on the market owing to Colonel Golightly's son taking up a job in the Far East. Two ladies, with sons just leaving school, had to be separated by an archdeacon.

The buying public, too, is getting pretty tough. At Fiddleham the village constable is always on duty at the jumble stall and is reputed once to have actually drawn his truncheon. At Little Lapton the gates were rushed at the Mothers' Union Party, owing to a rumour, via the cook at the Hall, that the Honourable Jane had come back from the Waafs twice the girl she was and was getting rid of a large proportion of her pre-war wardrobe. Moreover, the fact that a lot of the jumble at any given quarter-day has been appearing regularly on several previous quarter-days at gradually decreasing prices introduces a new factor. It requires nice judgment, for instance, to decide whether to snap up an article at six shillings which originally made its debut two sales ago at ten bob but is only worth four; or wait till the Playing Field's Garden Party, when it'll be down to half-a-crown, *but* running the risk meanwhile of Mrs. Truman, who also wants it, suddenly doing you in the eye by springing the extra florin.

It is, however, in the securing of jumble that the worst chicanery and downright double-dealing is apparent. A bad example occurred at Slush Episcopi only last May over young Commander Random's ten-year-old herring-bone lounge, which he was generally expected to discard nicely in time for the Church Bazaar, till the Horticultural Society organized its prettiest daughters to keep telling him how nice he looked in it, in the confident hope of inducing him to defer his decision for a while—say, to the Faitanflarshow three months later. Then old Miss Mallory, well known as a stooge of the Vicar's, asked the Commander to a party where a glass of her horrible home-made elderberry wine was spilt “by accident” all down his trousers, thus very definitely nailing the suit for the Church Bazaar after all. A particularly nasty feature was that on the day of the Bazaar she “found” an old recipe for removing elderberry wine stains, and the suit, in excellent condition by jumble standards, fetched a handsome price.

But perhaps the fastest one of all was pulled at Over Mellow last month. Right up to the very morning before the W.I. Sale young Mrs. Jesper's W.I. Sales-resistance had remained unbroken, till the General's wife, a noted shock-tactician, was called in and bludgeoned her into promising a few things which Mrs. Jesper said she'd leave in the hall to be collected that afternoon, as she herself was just off to London for the night.

Returning next day she went straight

to the show in great contrition to apologize to the General's wife for having, after all, forgotten, but before she could speak the latter was thanking her enthusiastically for the *lovely* jumble she'd left out. In the background Mr. Jesper was hovering, trying to get in a word about a mysterious burglary the day before when the house was empty and he was working in the garden. The jumble saleswomen were all jubilant. Never before had they had such attractive lots as a pair of lady's fur motoring-gloves, pair gent's ditto, bowl of roses, electric torch, shopping bag complete with purchases, silver salver, dinner-gong and, in particular—Mr. Jesper always gardening in his shirt-sleeves—gent's sports coat complete with pipe, tobacco-pouch, silver pencil, diary, and wallet with three £1 notes.

It took Mrs. Jesper four days, a lot of acrimony and even more money to retrieve her property. Still, jumble warfare knows no rules. A. A.

Which?

DR. QUELL is not your sort of a doctor or mine. He is a Doctor of Letters, a scholar, a don in one of the ancient universities. He is examining boys who aspire to be scholars themselves, to be elected to scholarships. The paper which he is marking is an English essay, and the subject of the essay is Scholarship.

The candidates divide neatly into two kinds. The first kind says that the scholar is a pampered recluse, that he lives in leisure and luxury, secluded from the cares and anxieties of the world, far from queues and sculleries. And rightly (this class of candidate says, remembering that its papers will be marked by someone who considers himself a scholar); rightly indeed, for rare merit deserves rare rewards.

The second kind says that the scholar's is an austere, rigid, ascetic existence, far removed from the joys and allurements of living, away from luxury, away even from comfort. All honour to the scholar (this class of candidate says, remembering that its papers will be marked by someone who considers himself a scholar); all honour indeed to him, as he wrestles and struggles in painful isolation, seeking after truth.

Dr. Quell, as he reads these papers, is bound to wonder which is the better description of the scholar's life. They can hardly both of them be true.

Thinking that a glass of wine might perhaps clear his head, he goes to his sideboard and pours himself out a glass of port: 1912, from the College cellar.

Having drunk it, he feels better, stronger, clearer in mind, in a state to resolve this difficult dilemma. Unfortunately, as he sits down again at his desk, he knocks over his ink bottle.

His hands are stained with ink and he must therefore wash them.

In order to wash it is necessary for him to descend seventy-eight stone steps from his rooms to the ground floor and then to cross two quadrangles to the lavatory. It is raining very hard; so he must change his slippers, put on a pair of walking-shoes and a macintosh.

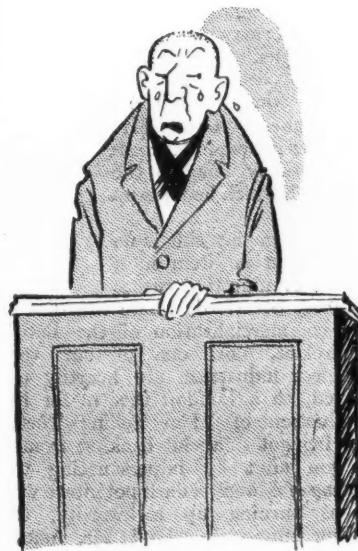
Still the problem turns round and round in his head, unresolved.

Luxury? Discomfort? Which?

• •

Touchy

THOUGH millions of listeners dote on a radio comic of note
He annoys me because
He will treat the applause
As a cover for clearing his throat.
J. B. B.



Hollowood

“Guilty, but under the influence of Dick Barton, m'lud.”

STERNER Shakespearians may fume into their folios at Mr. ARTHUR ASKEY's guying of *Hamlet*, but my own view is that W. S. would have been the first to applaud such good-humoured impudence. Admittedly *The Kid from Stratford*, at the Princes, starts off with the bolder theme, soon forgotten in the masterly confusion which Mr. ASKEY engenders, of the discovery of the script of a Shakespeare "musical," but its faithful execution would have been a gruelling task and at least *Hamlet* is fresh in the minds of a large public. Needless to say, the wig is as bleached as cinemagoers will expect, and with the outsize Askey spectacles, a massive mayoral chain and the traditional black velvet rompers it goes handsomely. Shakespeare's text has been ruthlessly pillaged. When you have recovered from hearing the *Ghost* addressed as "Dad," you will be readier for the shock of seeing *Hamlet* help the players' *Claudius* to pour the poison into the ear of the sleeping *King* through a tin funnel, and of the ear being detached for easy filling. In this crazy-gang version *Hamlet's* treatment of his mother is robust, and on his first entry he punts poor Yorick's skull with a faultless drop-kick high into the wings. Only those conversant with Mr. ASKEY's artless impishness can possibly imagine the zest with which he trips up tragedy.

This engaging skit is no more than an item in a varied evening that rushes us from Stratford, where the tilts at the commercialization of the Bard's birthplace, now one of our very heaviest industries, are heartily deserved, to a London theatre for the production of "I'm Telling Thee." Having got financial backing from a gorgon aunt by impersonating the *Oblong of Skance*, a dark potentate who keeps turning up awkwardly, the young impresario who is Mr. ASKEY becomes the victim of her bungling on the business side and is even driven to make the dresses himself. When at last the new play reaches the stage it is found to contain, in addition to the *Hamlet*, a very un-1600 mixture of straight ballet—a little dull, I thought

At the Play

The Kid from Stratford (PRINCES)—Saloon Bar (GARRICK)

—of songs and of dazzling eccentric dancing. Not all the songs are dipped in sugar, for which I suppose we should be grateful, and in any case Mr. ASKEY's personal nonsense is the healthiest corrective to the taste of you and me and the meon. We see a great deal of him, but never too much. It is his irresistible friendliness that is so appealing. Even when he sits on the

the boards accompanied by a mighty "O. K., Chawley!"

Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON has welded extravagance smoothly. Book and lyrics, creditable on the whole, are by Miss BARBARA GORDON and Mr. BASIL THOMAS, while Mr. MANNING SHERWIN has written some whistleable tunes. The two dancers I have mentioned are good beyond the ordinary, and can sing into the bargain. Miss CHIC ELLIOTT as the aunt, Miss LYNNETE RAE as the impresario's pretty sister and Mr. JOHN LEWIS as the genuine *Oblong* all add to the swing of a show likely to fill the Princes for many a night.

The revival of Mr. FRANK HARVEY's *Saloon Bar*, at the Garrick, seems to me surprising. As a crime play it is slow and far too transparent, as a picture of London pub life not sufficiently amusing. (Its realism is wryly pre-war. A double whisky, obtainable, costs one-and-four, at which I noticed several younger members of the audience draw breath painfully.) Mr. GORDON HARKER is back in his original part of the raucous gent who finds the murderer with the help of a group of regulars; but the moment the villain enters the bar we know him as such, and not even Mr. HARKER with all his gifts can get over that. It is a pleasure to see him again, but he is obliged to work too hard. Whoever designed the set—his name is not on the programme—

has made so thorough a job of it that watching the play is arid work. After Mr. HARKER the best comedy springs from Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD as the garrulous little man who furnishes the corner of every proper pub. Miss GLADYS HENSON is straight out of George Belcher, and other sound performers from a cast thin in places are Miss ANGELA KIRK behind the engines and, picking up the empties, Mr. DAVID CROSSE, a promising newcomer to the West End. ERIC.

○ ○

"2 TOWELS (1 FACE)."—*Laundry List*.
Swank!



LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF DENMARK

Arthur Price MR. ARTHUR ASKEY
Aunt Agatha MISS CHIC ELLIOTT

stage to watch the gyrations of a very talented pair of young dancers, Mlle. GINETTE WANDER and Mr. GIL JOHNSON, he does this in such a way that, far from stealing their thunder, his presence seems to add to it. And of course he possesses in rich measure the verbal felicity, magical to an English audience, of the pertest kind of bus-conductor. To prove his *Oblongness* he has a stab at the rope-trick. Nothing happens until a rod-like length shoots eight feet in the air through a hole in the stage. While it was being wound down again the machinery jammed (or did it? we shall never know) and his covering of the incident was typical: loud stamps on

At the Opera

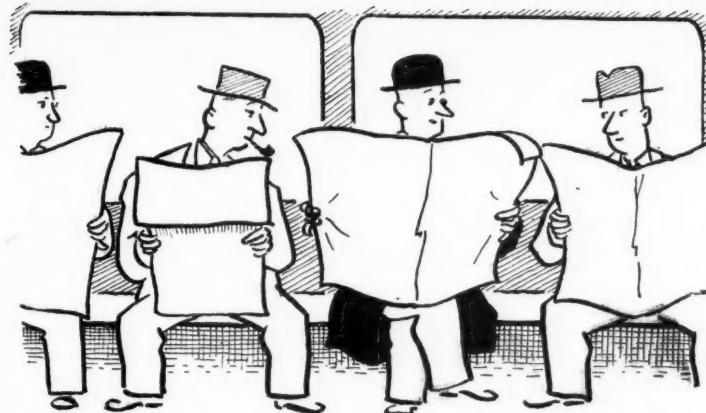
Aida—Der Rosenkavalier

(COVENT GARDEN)

Cosi fan Tutte (SADLER'S WELLS)

THE autumn season of opera at Covent Garden opened with VERDI's *Aida*. A cast of very mixed nationality singing opera in English is bound to produce queer results at times, but the directors of Covent Garden are quite right to place vocal accomplishment first. *Aida* had a very strong cast, though to achieve it involved transporting Babel for the nonce to the banks of the Nile. *Ramphis*, High Priest of Isis and *Amneris*, Pharaoh's daughter, descended in clearly audible English of the variety known as King's, while the rest of the cast held forth in sundry other brands of differing degrees of incomprehensibility. *Aida*, the captive Ethiopian princess, mourned, despaired and died in the Bulgarian brand; *Pharaoh* bestowed his daughter *Amneris* on an unwilling *Radames* in the Polish; *Amonasro*, King of Ethiopia, commanded *Aida* to place love of country before love of *Radames* in what was no doubt Italian-English but might as easily have been Senegalese; while *Radames*, apex of the Eternal Triangle and doomed to be buried alive for it, sang in Swedish-Italian. He had been sent for at the last moment to replace another artist who was ill; and he arrived with barely time to don a dressing-gown of cherry-red flannel, dispose on his head a wig with a depressing resemblance to a hank of black darning-wool, and take his place on the stage.

This is not to say that these accomplished artists are bad linguists, but simply that English is a difficult language for foreign singers to be consistently audible in. LUBA WELITSCH proved to be a splendid *Aida*, once one had recovered from the shock of her appearance. Her beautiful auburn hair crowned a coffee-coloured face out of which started her clear blue eyes, made still bluer with make-up. Even in *Aida*'s calmer moments (which are not many) the effect was startling, but when she rolled her eyes in anguish it was horrific. To add to it, her lips were coloured a bright orange that made one dread the approach of *Radames* and his cherry dressing-gown. But once reconciled to this truly horrible colour-scheme (which, lest it be overlooked, was repeated in the robes of some of the chorus) one could revel in Madame WELITSCH's dramatic power and the beautiful quality and ease of her singing. She is at her best



Why is it that my neighbour's paper is always so very interesting—



whereas his radio programme . . . !

in the scene by the Nile, where *Aida* mourns for her country while the moonlit water ripples lazily by. The *Radames* of TORSTEN RALF was noble in conception though he gave one, at times, a sense of strain. EDITH COATES was a rather strident *Amneris*. The chorus was, as ever, excellent. The production on the whole was not exciting, partly owing to weakness in the design and colour of the costumes.

In *Der Rosenkavalier*, CONSTANCE SHACKLOCK has taken over the rôle of *Octavian* and is clearly going to make a great success of it. Her voice has a mellow mezzo-soprano quality which is a great asset for the rôle of this amorous youth. She looks exceedingly well in her elegant eighteenth-century dress, and she has a dashing and romantic air. DORIS DOREE again sings the *Marschallin* with great charm

and dignity; while DAVID FRANKLIN is a splendid *Baron Ochs*. He has made this coarse and stupid character quite pathetic where it can so easily be repellent. ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF as *Sophie* was obviously not singing her best, but the Covent Garden production as a whole recaptures a very great deal of the charm of this utterly charming opera.

Sadler's Wells reopened with a very lively performance of *Cosi fan Tutte*, with MARION LOWE and ANNA POLLAK as the two fickle-hearted ladies, and in PATRICIA HUGHES a new and vivacious *Despina*. Those who had the good fortune to see STABILE as *Don Alfonso* in Edinburgh will find it very interesting to see OWEN BRANNIGAN make the same points just as effectively in a style much broader and wholly different.

D. C. B.



"And remember—always serve the BIG portion to the man."

Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Eighteen Nineties

In his delightful introduction to *The Eighteen Nineties: A Period Anthology in Prose and Verse* (THE RICHARDS PRESS, 21/-), Mr. JOHN BETJEMAN tells us that the editor, Mr. MARTIN SECKER, has spent many years in familiarizing himself with the writers of this decade. There is certainly nothing perfumitory about this volume of more than six hundred pages. Thirty-nine authors are represented in it, and nineteenth-century romanticism in its graceful and languorous decadence is revealed in all its aspects. A new age was beginning; the Fabians were filtering collectivism into an England that was still individualistic, and Kipling was ushering in the era of violence. But Mr. SECKER limits himself, very properly, to the poets and prose-writers who, under the influence of Flaubert, Rossetti, Pater and other refugees from industrialism, were paying more attention to manner than to matter, and to sound than sense. One of Mr. SECKER's authors, for example, wishing to say that his hero walked absent-mindedly up Tottenham Court Road, writes "The noise and rumour of the crowded pavements were to me but dumb show." Another says of a character that he passed over the world "lurid and inscrutable as a falling star." Once accustomed to the mannerisms of this overripe period, the reader will find much to entertain and charm him, the wit of Wilde and Max Beerbohm, the recondite fancies of Corvo and Aubrey Beardsley, the dreamy melodiousness of the youthful Yeats and, if his taste is not too severe, the pathos of Ernest Dowson.

H. K.

"Joyeuse Plaisance"

MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON's felicitous translations of *Fifty Romance Lyric Poems* (WINGATE, 10/6) have now been reissued almost exactly as they appeared in 1931. The French and Italian texts, given opposite their deft and

unaffected prose renderings, are chosen because they are "beautiful or expressive of strong and sincere emotion, and not from any philological, historical, scientific or philosophical motive." No one would desire such motives to be prominent, yet they have their place. Even Mr. ALDINGTON takes them into account, in his preface and biographical notes, and (very soundly) closes his period in 1660, "when the Catholic Church was thrown definitely on the defensive." Apart from three or four numbers the anthology ignores spiritual values. Yet the greatest mediæval English love-poem, "*Quia Amore Langueo*," was not written in human courtship; and St. Francis and Feo Balcaro express a far stronger and more sincere emotion than Petrarch. One doubts if the translator really does like his poems strong. He prefers sensuality to "morbid asceticism"—and rather fluffy sensuality at that. (Mediæval gentlemen seem to have preferred blondes.) One is grateful for such rare and lovely things as Folgore's sonnet on San Gimignano and Boiardo's "To a Balcony"; and there are more than enough of these to render the anthology treasurable and urge a wider scope for its suggested successor.

H. P. E.

U.S.A.

MR. H. G. NICHOLAS, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, in *The American Union* (CHRISTOPHERS, 10/6), has written a short history of the United States that to an English reader is a model of unbiased statement. He realizes, for instance, that the War of Independence was mainly a continuation of a struggle for democratic liberty that had begun long before over here and that the Monroe Doctrine was for centuries in effect a British policy, while at the other end of his narrative he is able to touch on the sore subject of debts repudiation without getting hot and bothered. To him the controlling factor in America's story, apart from the amazing influx of nearly thirty million people in a hundred years, is the continuing clash between the defenders of the rights of individual States and the champions of the all-dominant Union. Here is self-determination *versus* world federation—or, if you prefer it, Home Rule *versus* Westminster—on the most formidable scale, with the deadly civil war hardly more than an incident in a conflict that has cropped up in abolitionism, isolationism, anti-trust legislation, Supreme Court reform, and fifty other troubles that still ruffle the surface of American existence. Fortunately, below that surface the absorbing business of adding dollar to dollar has nearly always kept Americans cool and hard and generous. Until we can have a history of Anglo-American relations compiled jointly by scholars of each country for simultaneous use on both sides of the Atlantic this most readable text-book is much to be commended. C. C. P.

"So, Here We Meet . . ."

The Course of Irish Verse in English (SHEED AND WARD, 8/6) is not a history of Anglo-Irish poetry. It is a very happy endeavour to show how Irish verse, written in what was originally the English of Spenser, has become more and more Irish in theme and handling. There is only one flaw in Mr. ROBERT FARREN's admirable survey. He shirks the full implications of the contrast between the popularity of Moore, who began the Gaelicizing movement, and the unpopularity of his own esteemed contemporaries, who are carrying it on: though he minutely describes the cause of the rift, an utterly different approach to the lyric. Moore wrote for singers and wrote to Gaelic airs. The airs conditioned the scansion. Nowadays Gaelic prosody is painstakingly Englished by sheer erudition. It is a

triumph of techniques and imposes, as Mr. FARREN notes, an even more painstaking attitude on the reader. Between Tom Moore and the technician many tributaries go to swell the stream. All are worth exploration, though Ferguson, Mangan and Yeats are outstanding. (Mr. FARREN is indubitably right in stressing the realism of that "Celtic twilight" which Yeats deliberately substituted for "Shelley's reds and yellows.") Among contemporaries one misses the Cork poet David Marcus, whose *Irish Times* lyrics are cut out and kept by more than one captivated Dubliner.

H. P. E.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell

Sir WILFRED GRENFELL'S two previous autobiographies have been amalgamated in one volume in *A Labrador Doctor* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 15/-). Though on the same latitude as England, Labrador, unwarmed by the Gulf Stream and washed by the icy waters of the polar current, has one of the least hospitable climates in the world. It was in 1892, at the age of twenty-seven, that WILFRED GRENFELL went to Labrador to work among its fishermen as a medical missionary, and this volume is the record of his many-sided labours there—medical, surgical, social and educational—during more than half a century. There was plenty of danger, as well as constant hardship, in the life, and the most exciting chapter in the book recounts the author's experience adrift on a pan of ice. Like all his other experiences, it is told in a delightfully simple, direct style, without either boasting or false modesty; and one gets his character and general attitude to life very fully in "I could not help laughing at my position, standing hour after hour waving my shirt at those barren and lonely cliffs; but I can honestly say that from first to last not a single sensation of fear crossed my mind." The most charming portion of the book is his description of his childhood near Chester and his schooldays at Marlborough. Then came his apprenticeship to the grim side of life as a medical student in the East End, where his boundless energy and high spirits were tempered for his future work. H. K.

A Middle-Aged Spread

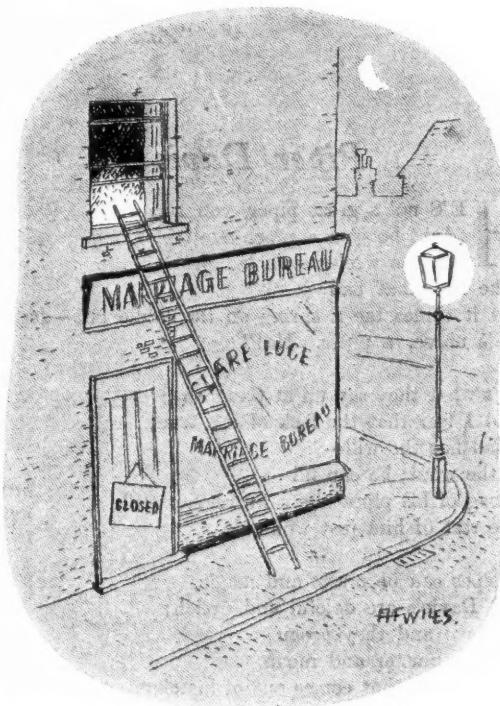
In 1363 Edward III, as usual short of money, persuaded London's leading vintner, Sir Henry Picard, to give a diplomatic banquet to four important visitors to England, Hugh of Cyprus, John of France, David of Scotland and Waldemar of Denmark. Reading accounts of what appears to have been a sustaining meal (it embraced twenty-one sorts of fish and thirteen sorts of bird) Mr. T. A. LAYTON conceived the pleasant notion of giving a scaled-down version of the feast on, as far as possible, the same spot in the City. This turned out to be a furrier's warehouse, damaged by bombs, and the sole survivor in its street; and there, the management proving friendly, twenty-three guests were served in a room open to the sky with a dinner which hinged on a Mawmeny of chicken and another of duck—highly complicated forms of Angevin brawn well spoken of by those present. *Five to a Feast* (DUCKWORTH, 12/6) deals with both occasions amusingly, the account of the original outing being fictional but based on the records of the fifteenth-century gastronome, John Russell; but the book has a makeshift stuffing of unrelated chapters. The best describe the curiosities of army feeding during the war (when the intake of recruits from Soho was something to remember), Mr. LAYTON's expert investigation of the wonders of a Copenhagen *smörbröd* factory, and his adventures in post-war catering. The weakest are rather gossipy portraits of unconnected personalities.

E. O. D. K.

"Murder Most Foul"

It is fitting that the first volume of the series of *War Crimes Trials*, published by Messrs. WILLIAM HODGE AND CO., (18/-), under the general editorship of the Rt. Hon. Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, should deal with the case of the commander and four other officers of a German U-boat. Among the most deplorable consequences of the two World Wars must be reckoned the destruction of the age-old maritime tradition of mercy and succour to a ship-wrecked enemy. That noble tradition the first World War did much to destroy; the second completed—or all but completed—the task. But sea custom dies hard; and certain flagrant offenders against its decencies have been in due course brought to trial. The case of the *Peleus*, here recorded under the editorship of John Cameron, D.S.C., M.P., is but one among many. The two main arguments advanced on the defendants' behalf were, first, that they acted under orders; second, that their deeds were necessary to ensure the safety of their own vessel. Both were abundantly disproved. The *Peleus*—a Greek-owned ship with a polyglot crew, of whom only three survived to testify against their shipmates' murderers—was sunk at midnight in the South Atlantic, when the U-boat had several hours of darkness in which to make good her escape. And the cold-blooded beastliness of the doings of Kapitanleutnant Heinz Eck and his associates went far beyond even the harsh and merciless orders of the High Command. The account of the trial is a depressing revelation of the way in which ordinary human nature may be deformed by the influence of such a regime as that of the Nazis; and it demonstrates, too, in a noteworthy degree the peculiar brand of naive yet tortuous casuistry with which the German mind seems specially prone to justify itself, not only in the eyes of others, but in its own.

C. F. S.





"And how is XZ72950641 this morning?"

Piper Davie

HE'S no' a great piper, yon Davie;
Ach, he isna a piper ava'!
He's a weel-eneuch lad
An' he isna that bad
When it comes tae a spring on the fiddle but—dad!
He's nivver a piper. Na!"

That's what they say up at Cannoch
And I fear that the feek of it's true;
The lad has the will—
And the wind; he can fill
The bag of his pipes like a hurricane; still,
The rest of him just won't do.

The pipes can be music and magic,
But Davie's are doleful and dreich;
They gasp and they groan
And they mutter and moan
And the most that comes out of his chanter and drone
Is a girn and a gowl and a skreiche.

But it doesn't seem that way to Davie,
He's proud as a piper can be;
Stepping out fairly,
His bonnet set squarely,
He thinks to himself, "Man, I'm blawin' them rarely!
Ye'll no' meet the marrow o' me!"

He hears himself play like Apollo,
He sees himself marching like Mars,
With the cloud on the gale
And the thunder and hail
And the tribe of McCrimmon a-tramp at his tail . . .
Who wouldn't be Davie, that's "nivver a piper,"
With his silly young head in the stars! H. B.

"RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S FAIRY OPERA

The opera is 'The Golden Cockerel' and it will be broadcast in full from the studio on Wednesday (Home Service—two acts only in Scottish). . . .—"Radio Times."

After that it's popularized, eh?

How to Form a French Government.

MOST people, I suppose, reading in their newspapers the words "French Government Falls. M. Caisse d'Amortissement to Form New Cabinet," merely shrug their shoulders and turn to another page. But people of more intellectual curiosity may sometimes have wondered—exactly what does happen when a French Government falls? How does a French politician set about forming a new ministry? Does he send out invitation-cards—"M. Caisse d'Amortissement requests the pleasure of the company of M. Mont de Piété in his new government. Friday, October 15th, 6-8.30 P.M. R.S.V.P."? Or does he use flattery, or bribery, or threats, or chloroform?

As it happens I can answer some of these questions. At one time I was in close touch with some of the most persistent French politicians, men who had formed dozens of governments, had tried unsuccessfully to form hundreds, and had held portfolios in thousands. In fact it is not too much to say—but I had better begin at the beginning.

One spring day in 1925 I was sitting outside a café in Paris with an old medical friend of mine, Dr. Nightbell, and his aged niece, Miss Hextable. The doctor had been attending some medical congress or other—I remember he was very scathing about the new French method of treating gout by spraying the patient with cooking-sherry while he was under deep hypnosis—while Miss Hextable was knitting a model of the Arc de Triomphe for the Sandbach Women's Institute, and had been sent over to work from the life. I myself was simply taking a holiday. I had spent most of it so far in sitting outside cafés idly watching the passers-by. I was just wondering, I remember, why the cafés themselves could not be made movable so that one could go on watching any particular passer-by one wanted without having to leave one's seat, when I noticed a Frenchman beckoning me excitedly from a rather splendid-looking motor-car.

Miss Hextable and I rose to our feet, and the doctor, always the soul of courtesy, would of course have risen to his, given a little more time. But the Frenchman waved my friends aside. Next moment he had bundled me into his car. It was in vain that I tried to explain that I was an Englishman, in vain that I displayed my name in marking-ink on the tabs of my boots. The Frenchman had already cried to

the driver "Chambre des Députés!" and we were whirled away at break-neck speed. He explained that he was M. Tripotier, ancient cabinet minister since thirty years. He had formed, he thought, more governments than any man of his generation. He held the record, five in one day, with seven unsuccessful attempts. As I had perhaps read in the papers, the government had fallen as usual at about ten o'clock that morning. He had been asked to form a new one. After phenomenal difficulties, and then only by including two of the door-keepers at the Chamber, he had managed to complete his cabinet, all except for the Ministry of Fine Arts and River Police. Driving desperately round Paris he had caught sight of me sitting with my friends in the café. He felt certain at once that I was the man for the job.

My protests were drowned in the roar of cheering as we reached the Chamber of Deputies. The new government was in being. In a couple of minutes we were having a group photograph taken, with M. Tripotier in the middle of the front row, and myself clinging rather uneasily to a crowded bench at the back. That done, we all filed into the Chamber. An acrimonious debate began, the subject, as far as I could make out, being a proposal to raise ministers' salaries. I slipped out for a moment to telephone Dr. Nightbell and tell him what had happened. As I expected, his chief concern was to make sure I had got a real leather portfolio and not a cheap imitation one. Did I get a free supply of blotting-paper, he asked? It took me a quarter of an hour to set his mind at rest. When I got back to the Chamber an unpleasant shock awaited me. M. Tripotier's government had fallen.

So now I was an ex-minister. I was leaving the Chamber disconsolately, wondering how on earth I should face the doctor's sarcasms, when M. Claqueudent, who had been Minister for Tramways in the last government, tapped me on the shoulder. He had been asked to form a new one. Would I help out as Foreign Minister? Of course I agreed. But we had hardly got the group photograph taken (this time I was in the front row, holding a silver cup) when the new government fell. M. Tripotier was asked to form a new one. This time I got the Ministry of Philately. But M. Tripotier's government was even more short-lived than its predecessor. The photographer had been included in it, and so a new

photographer had had to be sent for. Before he arrived the new government had fallen.

As the afternoon wore on the pace quickened. Governments were falling so rapidly in the end that my brain reeled, as so frequently happens. I went out for a drink at a neighbouring café. When I got back I found everyone looking for me. I was the only man in the Chamber, they said, who had not yet tried to form a government that day. It was definitely my turn. Would I have a try?

What was I to do? By now I was afraid of getting so involved in the French governmental system that I would never be able to get clear of it. Yet it was hard to refuse when, with tears in their eyes, twisting their portfolios in their hands, they implored my help. France was waiting. The world was waiting. They must have a new government. At last I had to agree.

"Will you, M. Tripotier, be Foreign Minister? And will you, M. Claqueudent, be Minister of Fuel and Power? And will you . . ." As in a dream, I heard my own voice going on and on. In the end I had formed the largest French government ever to take office. And, in fact, without realizing it I had solved the problem which had been baffling the best brains of France for years. As my government included every deputy in the Chamber it could not possibly fall.

So at any rate I thought. But of course I had reckoned without human nature. In a few days, deprived of their usual excitement, the new government began to grow restive. Eventually they all resigned in a body. There was talk of having me impeached for high treason under the law of 1881 against Illegal Advertising. Even worse, the doctor told me he had heard that a new man—a Doctor Caligari—had been asked to form a cabinet. We decided to cut short our holiday and left Paris immediately. On the whole, we were all extremely relieved when we got safely across the Channel.

• •

"Mickleover Parish Council last night agreed in principle to offer a site on the playing-fields to Mickleover Army Cadet Unit for a hut at the Unit's expense.

"It was stated that the Unit's present headquarters were totally unsuitable and that if no other accommodation could be found the unit would be in danger of falling through."—*Derby paper*.

Anything important underneath?

Hammer Heads

"WHAT," said Héloïse, "is this of 'ammer 'ead charks?"

We imported Héloïse under a scheme, with the grudging connivance of the War Office. She is not very reliable about grease between the prongs of forks, and we do not now allow her near the cooker, but she brings round the early morning tea quite beautifully, and when the archdeacon was staying with us last week he sang "Bright the Vision that Delighted" for twenty minutes in the bathroom after she had gone. She is Laureate-in-Natural-Philosophy of a university so central and so European that it has no vowels in its name, and so cannot be mentioned in conversation.

We were passing the eighty-foot hoarding which—presumably ever since one of Augustine's monks laid its foundations—has screened from the world the south-west elevation of the parish church. Before the war it used to glow like a splendid though worldly Morality, calling upon us to Eat More, Drink Deeper, Smoke Faster, Keep Abreast Of Our Surfeits With Crates of Liver Pills, Drive Farther And Faster In More Expensive Motors, and Leave All The Lights On Every Night. Since we came back there has been a change. Now, it tells me, as an able-bodied male, to divide my time between the Royal Air Force, the Coal Mines, Forty-three Different Civilian Trades which rather surprisingly constitute the Modern Army, and a Permanent but rather smudgy beige-coloured Occupation called Times Are Better On The Land. If, adds a rather tattered postscript from the Prime Minister, I do all these things, and whatever else I am doing, only ten per cent. harder and more often, we may well be all right.

I have learned to speak Héloïse's

English, and I knew she meant Hammer-Head Sharks; as a natural philosopher, she is particular about species. The sharks were new to me—we do not often drive into the town these days. Still, there they were on the hoarding, swaying alcoholically upon their tails, one towering over the other, leering horribly.

Some, hiccupped the larger, *Make Big Stuff, Some Make Small, More From Each Is More For All.*

The sea beneath them changed drunkenly from wine-dark to hangover orange as he spoke.

"Those are not sharks, Héloïse," I said. "They are Government Spanners. The big one is an adjustable spanner, of the sort which the Law calls a Blunt Instrument. The little one is one of those curly spanners that are tied by boot-laces to the handles of mowing-machines, but do not fit any of the nuts on them. It is, no doubt, an appeal by our Government to two new classes of people to co-operate in the great drive for Recovery—to those whose profession is assault and battery with Blunt Instruments, and to those who, like myself, spend much of their time tinkering with old mowing-machines. Increased co-operation between these two facets of our national life, claims the poster, will result in an increase in the size of the National Cake which will benefit one and all."

I think rather highly of myself in this vein, but Héloïse, who usually has excellent manners, was not listening. She is a keen student of our national life and culture, and as we drove home she sat in silence and seemed to ponder deeply.

* * * * *

I went through to the scullery as usual after lunch, to help with the

washing-up. Héloïse, trailing an unconvincing dish-cloth, was talking, while my wife scoured out the frying-pan.

"Two charks," she was saying, "only the Major explain, not fisch but spinners. Propaganda of your Goffermint. The Big Spinner is your Goffermint. 'E make Big Stuff, Posters and Offices"—Héloïse, and we on her behalf, have had much to do with Government offices since she arrived—"and the Little Spinner, 'e is your industry. 'E make small, because all your workers are rich, 'e do not need to make big."

Héloïse, like all Continentals, believes in her heart that we are really immensely rich, and that our new talk about bankruptcy is perfidious Albionism.

"Well, what about *More From Each Is More For All*, Héloïse?" I said.

She frowned alarmingly, gathering her linguistic powers for a great effort.

"Big Chark make more Offices," she said. "Little Chark make more smalls."

"Yes, Héloïse?"

She braced herself for a supreme effort of translation.

"Do for us all!" she said triumphantly.

○ ○

Impending Apology

"There was the excursion in a bus round the huge lake on Sunday, with coffee—brought out to us by the W.E.A. secretary, Gunnar Hirdman, in a car—drunk under the trees on a hill top."

"Railway Service Journal."

○ ○

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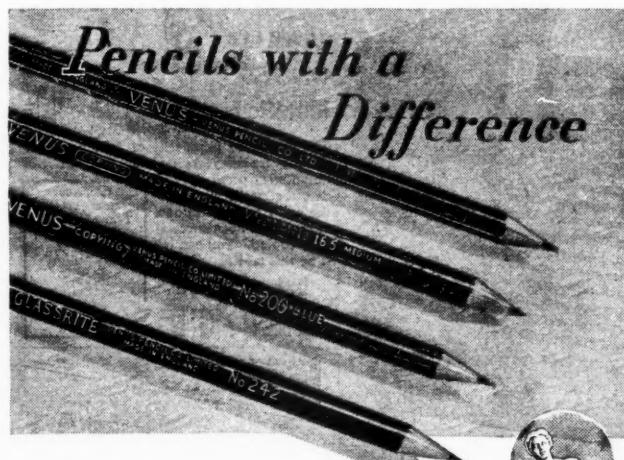


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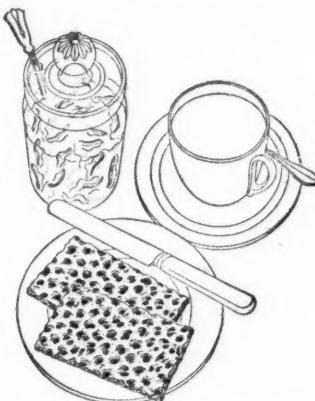
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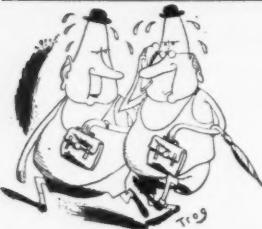


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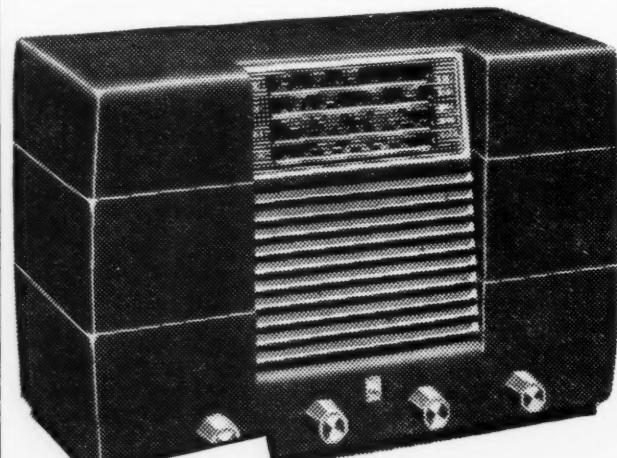
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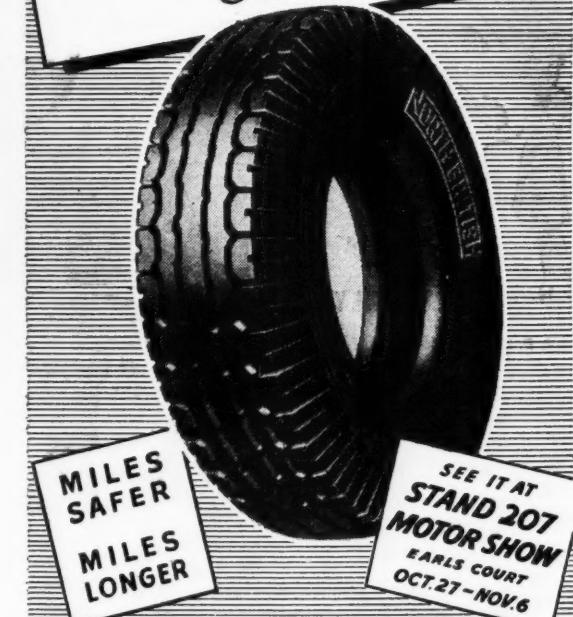
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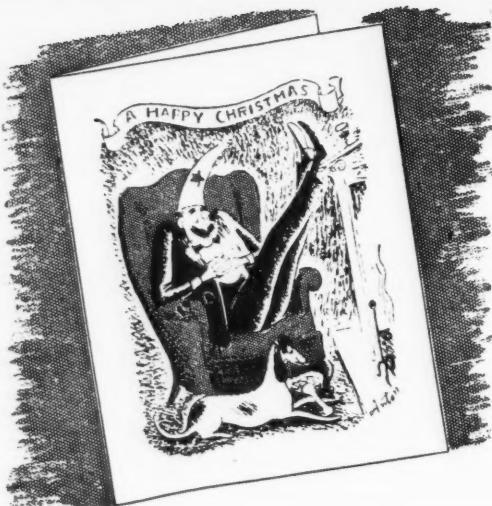


**You need
BISCUITS
to keep you going**

(One pound of sweet biscuits
contains 2,200 calories)

Issued by the Cake & Biscuit
Manufacturers War Time Alliance Limited

CVS-201



How inadequate to be able to show only one of our enormous collection of enticing Christmas cards! Whether your friends are followers of the hounds, or of their own inclinations, whether their interests encompass Old Masters or old port or range from the sublime to the frankly ridiculous, you will find something in cards, calendars or diaries very much suited to their tastes in Fortnum's Stationery Department (Third Floor).

FORTNUM & MASON LTD., 181 PICCADILLY, W.1



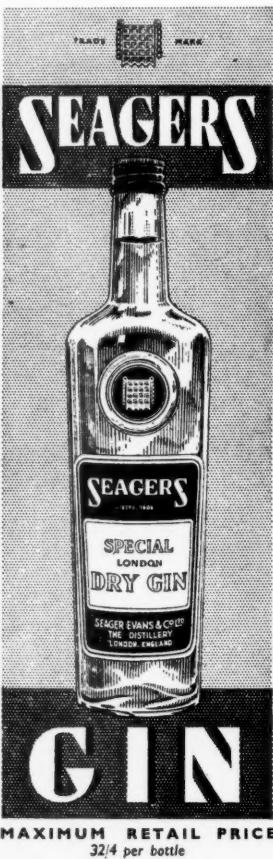
Great News. Your favourite Hairgrips are now in the shops in 4 lovely colours and 3 sizes, specially made for your hairstyle or hairstyle.

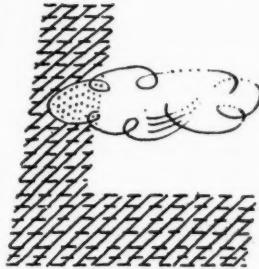
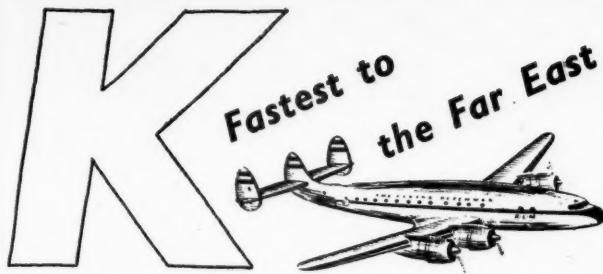
STANDARD
Choice of Golden Blonde, Silver-Grey,
Black or Brown.

EXTRA LONG
Black or Brown.

★ NEW SMALL CURL SIZE
Black or Brown.

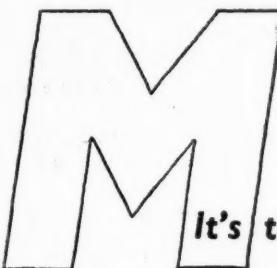
Obtainable from all good Stores, made in England by
Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham & London





Any day of the week you can board a K.L.M. luxury airliner and be in Batavia 2½ days later. This is nice going. Nicer still when you remember that — looking down in luxury on Europe, the Middle East, India, Burma, the 'fabulous Indies' — you are enjoying the famous hospitality of K.L.M. This way to the Far East!

Enquiries and reservations from all Air Travel Agents, or from K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, S.W.1 (Tel.: Sloane 9656) and at Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin



It's time you flew K.L.M.

See what I've got!



Bless the boy — he's actually found a rare and precious tin of Nescafé for elevenses! Made in an instant, right in the cup; no grounds, no bother. And what grand coffee!



A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, with dextrin, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

37A

Dentifrice
as you
like it



CALVERT'S TOOTH POWDER

You will like Calvert's Tooth Powder *at once* because of the freshness of its Otto of Roses flavour. You will like it *better still* because of the pearly whiteness that comes to teeth with powder cleaning . . . and *best of all* because of the blessing it brings of teeth that give no worry. *The 1/3 Tin lasts up to 3 months.*

with the
Otto of Roses
Flavour



— Simply plug into the mains anywhere and the "Companion" is ready to give first-class radio entertainment. A small, stylish, efficient 5-valve DC/AC receiver weighing only 7½ lb. • Easy to move from room to room • Requires neither earth nor aerial • Attractively finished in cream with maroon controls and handle.

MODEL TR5DA £12.19.6 plus tax

The Marconiphone Company Limited, Hayes, Middx.



FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets. THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness. FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the system and purifies the blood. Family size tin 2½.

ANDREWS
REFRESHING · TONIC · LAXATIVE



Atomic Bloodhound

Work on atomic energy demands almost incredible safety measures. So great is the possible danger that brushes, mops and even dust in atomic plant are examined for "straying" radio-activity. This checking is done by a hyper-sensitive instrument called the Geiger Counter. The rare gas Argon, produced by The British Oxygen Company Ltd. is indispensable in the manufacture of the Geiger Counter. Abreast of the latest scientific developments, The B.O.C. have an unparalleled industrial experience. Perhaps this experience can help you with your particular problem. Why not drop The B.O.C. a line?



SCIENCE AT YOUR SERVICE No. 6

THE BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY LIMITED LONDON AND BRANCHES

BURMA CHEROOTS

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Packed in boxes of 50,
post free
72/6
Imported
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the native makers.

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for imported Wines

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SHIRT IF IT'S A
Radiac
FASHIONED TO FIT—
WOVEN TO WEAR

9

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Shirt Manufacturers for over 100 years

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All shirts cut to a consistently liberal scale, giving full skirt and ample shoulder room. Unfortunately supplies are still very limited.



DRY FLY SHERRY is now available in larger quantity. A glass of this lovely sherry is a gracious welcome to your guests. From your own wine merchant or direct from:—

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Wigmore Street, London, W.I.

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PETROL

STERLING QUALITY!

IT'S COMING



Look for the Red, White and Blue Globe

R.P.2



Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.),
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There are 154 Life-boats in the R.N.L.I. Fleet. They cost from £9,000 to £20,000 according to type. Send a contribution however small towards the cost of building and maintaining these boats.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

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LONDON, S.W.1.

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LODGE
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Lodge Plugs Ltd.
Rugby · England

WHAT 
are the  **facts?**

about AUTOMATIC CONTROL

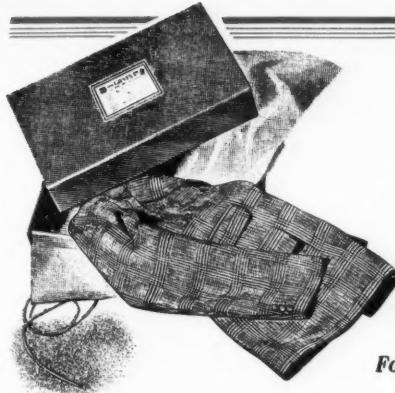
The success of any system of automatic control depends largely on using equipment appropriate to the requirements. Expenditure on regulators not suitable for the job can be a dead loss, as well as jeopardising production. DRAYTON make ALL types of thermostats and can give impartial advice.



-consult **Drayton**

DRAYTON REGULATOR & INSTRUMENT CO. LTD., WEST DRAYTON, MIDX. (A.C.3)

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DON'T LISTEN TO THE TRAFFIC JIMP

"It's more fun, three abreast," says the treacherous Traffic Jimp. "You hardly notice the distance."

The trouble is, you hardly notice the *traffic*. Riding three abreast takes up too much road and increases the danger of a wobble. *Never* go more than two abreast, advises the Highway Code, and single file where the road is narrow or traffic is thick.

35,289 cyclists were killed or injured in 1947. Whenever the Traffic Jimp tempts *you* to be rash, be careful instead — and mind how you go.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport



I have great faith in Ovaltine

WRITES FAY COMPTON

MISS FAY COMPTON, famous star of the stage and screen, now adds her tribute to thousands already received, testifying to the exceptional restorative and health-giving qualities of delicious 'Ovaltine.' She writes:

"I have great faith in 'Ovaltine.' Very often when feeling the strain of a long rehearsal or of playing an arduous part, a cup of 'Ovaltine' has given me strength and taken away the feeling of fatigue. And at the end of a long day, when one feels almost too tired to sleep, I find 'Ovaltine' soothes the nerves and induces a sound and refreshing slumber. I have it by me always."

Delicious 'Ovaltine' combines the health-giving and revitalising elements of Nature's finest foods and is the ideal beverage for everyone, in every walk of life.

P.702A

COURTAULDS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

No 7 ROCHDALE

BEFORE 1914 Courtaulds began to study the possibility of creating a new material from which textiles might be woven and knitted. They had already made a great success of continuous filament viscose rayon (then called "artificial silk"), and the use by some firms of waste from this product indicated the need for a properly produced rayon staple, made by cutting continuous filaments into regular lengths in standard deniers.

In time, research established the techniques whereby this viscose staple could be manufactured in bulk and spun into yarn on all types of existing textile machinery (cotton, silk, flax, wool, jute, *et cetera*) and then woven or knitted into a limitless variety of cloths each with its own distinctive qualities.

So to widen the use of the new product, which they called "Fibro", Courtaulds in 1934 acquired Arrow Mill, Rochdale, a typical 27-year-old cotton mill; it had been idle for four years. Here, with an open door, they demonstrated how easily "Fibro" could be spun on cotton machinery; and before long the cotton industry was using it in large quantities not as a substitute for other fibres but on its own hard-earned merits.

Thus Rochdale has played a leading part in introducing this entirely new, home-produced raw material to Britain's textile industries. Since Arrow Mill started to encourage other spinners to use the new product, the British output of rayon staple has increased more than thirty-fold to 84 million pounds a year, a major contribution to the national economy.

Of over 24,000 people directly employed by Courtaulds in the United Kingdom, over 400 work at Arrow Mill, Rochdale, not merely producing spun rayon yarns but also assisting others to do the job as well and exploring even newer fields of research and development.

This is one of a series of statements to inform the public of some part of the contribution made by Courtaulds' industrial enterprise to economic well-being in various districts of the United Kingdom.

Issued by Courtaulds Ltd., 16 St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1